

LIFE



IN NORMANDY

AUGUST 14, 1944 **10** CENTS
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Room with a View... to Tomorrow

Step into a private realm where cares cannot trespass . . . where moss-soft towels wrap you in colorful caress, and cheerful tones everywhere sing worries away. Still a dream? Perhaps . . . but meanwhile, what matter if there's a

limit to new frills and gaieties? Most likely, your Cannon

towels still hold the long-lived charm and deep-piled quality they're famous for. (And for really urgent needs, limited

quantities are available in the stores.) Once war's won, and

Cannon looms again provide loveliness in wide profusion . . .

you'll know the pleasure of a bathroom beautiful as you see here . . . sheer luxury, yet practical, because it's Cannon-charmed!*



*Facilities for a complete towel wardrobe right at hand are one of the most appreciated conveniences of most smart new bathroom plans. But, of course, because millions of Cannon towels are needed now by our Armed Forces, you'll have to wait for the finishing touch you've dreamed of . . . the thrilling, beautiful, new matched sets of Cannon bath and face towels, wash cloths, finger-tip terries, bath mats and rugs.



Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS

CANNON HOSIERY

Why are men so tickled when we promise this **SHAVING CREAM** will not *make shaving a pleasure?*

**No samples... no prizes...
no premiums for box-tops... yet
intelligent men have flooded us with
heart-warming fan mail**

Before you put your money down for your next tube of shaving cream, we want to get started with you on the right basis. So we begin by presenting the biggest plank in our simple platform: The word *pleasure* shouldn't even be mentioned in the same breath with *shaving*.

From start to finish, the whole business of washing the beard with hot and cold water... of brushing up and rubbing in lather... of mowing down the bristles... and then applying hot towels, lotions, styptic, and talcum... the whole business, we say, is at best a nuisance and a bore.

That is why we do not pretend to offer you pleasure, if you use our Listerine Shaving Cream. We do promise you as much comfort as any reasonable man can expect, because we have devoted our technical skill and resources to the production of a *quality* shaving cream.

Now "quality" is an overworked word, but we think that you will agree that it's the right one, when you discover how a fraction of an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream quickly blossoms into lots and lots of good, rich lather.

If these reasonable claims for a quality product appeal to you, you're just the man who ought to meet our Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after month



P.S. TO THE LADIES: For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream... just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.



25¢

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Out of this tube come comfortable shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream

This One



XURB-UT8-99XC

She Loves Me... She Loves Me Not!



Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MR. DEWEY'S HORSESHOE

Sirs:

In your story on Tom Dewey you have a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Dewey posing in front of their springhouse beneath a horseshoe. A loyal Democrat would never mention the subject but, as a loyal Republican, I hasten to advise the Deweys to change the position of that horseshoe.

According to superstition the horseshoe should be hung with the open prongs up. The theory is that with the open end down, as shown in the picture, all the luck will run out and be lost.

WILLIAM RAYMOND BRINK
Cambridge, Mass.



Sirs:

If Governor Dewey loses, my 83-year-old, superstitious New England father will know why.

MARJORIE ELLMS
Lincoln, Mass.

Sirs:

If Tom Dewey wins, I'll hang my horseshoe wrong end up, too.

CHARLES W. SAFFORD
Rochester, Ind.

Sirs:

Tell him to change that horseshoe—quick!

MARY VIRGINIA MACK
Galesburg, Ill.

Sirs:

His luck is running out!

NELL ROBINSON
East Liverpool, Ohio

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
August 14, 1944

Volume 17
Number 7



"WATCH THE B-29"

Boeing's B-29 Superfortress is the most closely watched plane in the world.

There has never been anything like it before. Where it goes and what it does are headline news everywhere. From now until V-Day no place on earth will be safe from its wrath to come.

Flying with these air giants, holding tight their cowlings and access doors are United-Carr's Airluc cowlings fasteners... designed and built to do the difficult fastening job on today's biggest and fastest planes. Airlucs fill the bill for any external or internal fastening that must lock quickly and positively... yet open instantly.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT



THE AIRLUC

► This fastener is made in three sizes for airplane cowlings, access doors, inspection plates, fairing and other removable panels where a tight closure is required.

*"Thanks for
your assistance
in helping with
Long Distance"*



When Long Distance lines are crowded and the operator asks you to "Please limit your call to 5 minutes"—it's nice to hear you say, "I'll be glad to."

The request is usually made during rush hours on lines in and out of war-busy centers. It's a suggestion that helps everybody get better service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Just one pair of eyes to last a lifetime



Nature intended these young eyes for *outdoor* use—yet as they grow older they will have to spend hours each day at seeing tasks *indoors*—

reading, writing, studying. That's why children's eyes need all the light protection that wise parents can give them. Give *your* youngster's eyes the protection of See-ability. That's the Westinghouse word for the right light in the right place. Enough light—without harmful glare. Well-diffused light—without shadows. And remember—for every home lighting requirement, you can get the *right* size Westinghouse Mazda lamp. It will give you brightness and long lamp life. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Bloomfield, N.J.



BACK THE ATTACK...BUY MORE BONDS THAN BEFORE!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Sirs:

By the high jumping weed! What are you trying to do to Michigan's favorite son, Tom Dewey?

FRANK J. CAMPBELL
Waterford, Mich.

Sirs:

I am really not superstitious but I thought I'd bring it to your attention.
AMM 3/C RAYMOND P.
HOULE

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

How many people wrote you about that horseshoe on Tom Dewey's springhouse?

RICHARD P. WHEELER
Bronxville, N.Y.

● At the last count 25 anxious readers had warned LIFE about Governor Dewey's horseshoe, 214 had warned Governor Dewey directly.—ED.

GIRL AROUND THE CORNER

Sirs:

I wish to thank you for the very human picture of Jennifer Jones on the



cover of your July 24 issue. For some reason it makes me feel as if she could be the girl around the corner.

GENE O. GREIG, USNR
Vallejo, Calif.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE

Sirs:

Your statement in the July 24 issue of LIFE that the manager of Mount Vernon is showing General de Gaulle Washington's birthplace is incorrect. Actually Washington was born at Bridges Creek, a short way from Wakefield, Va. and all of 90 miles from Mount Vernon.

MRS. L. N. LEWIS
Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs:

Apparently General Charles de Gaulle has excellent vision.

CORNELIA M. HATCH
Yorktown, Va.



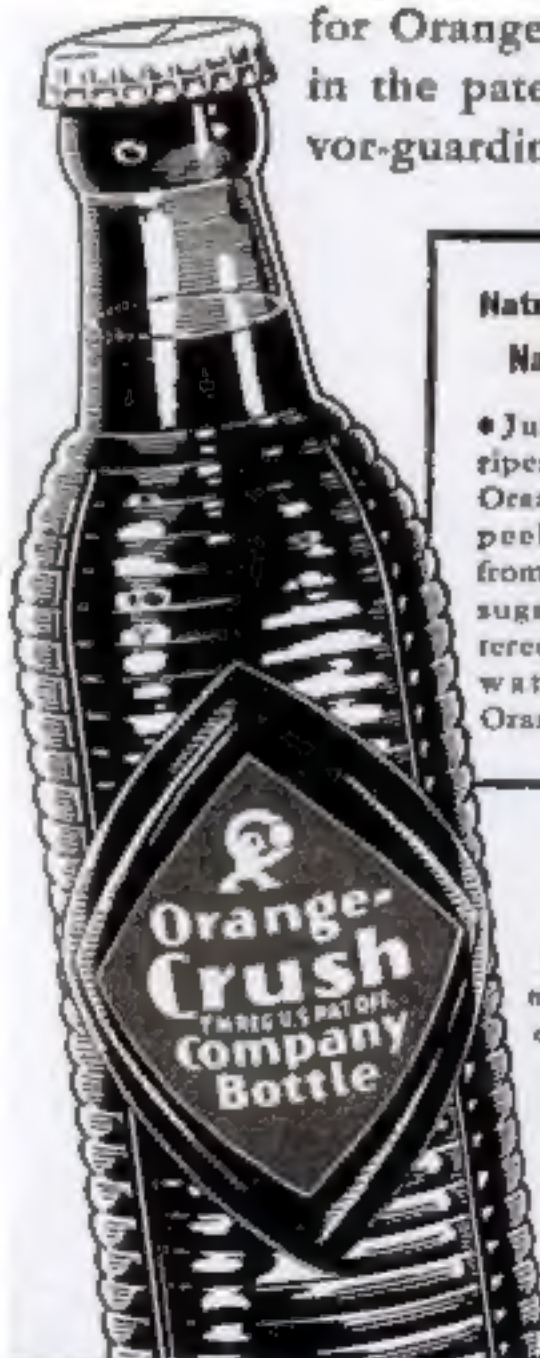
● LIFE's apologies for misplacing the birthplace of George Washington.—ED.

(continued on p. 6)

SUNK?



The fresh fruit flavor of Orange-CRUSH makes you *feel fresh!* Ask for Orange-CRUSH in the patented flavor-guarding bottle.



Natural Color
Natural Flavor

● Juice of tree-ripened Valencia Oranges, orange peel, citric acid from lemon juice, sugar syrup, filtered carbonated water...that's Orange-CRUSH!

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and

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BY LUDWIG BEMELMANS

and

CRAZY WEATHER

BY CHARLES L. McNICHOLS

(double selection)

COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS

\$3.00

In *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* the "gay" world of Europe takes refuge in New York. *Crazy Weather* is a Huck Finn-Tom Sawyer sort of adventure in the Southwest.



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Good News Coming!

**Wear-Ever
Expected Back
Soon!**



Did you, too, patriotically sacrifice some of your older aluminum utensils to the scrap drive? And generously contribute other pieces to brides who sorely needed them?

Then you'll be glad to know that such miracles have been accomplished in producing vast amounts of aluminum, even ahead of time, that Wear-Ever aluminum utensils will be back as soon as manpower can be released to make them.

HOW SOON IS "SOON"?

It may take some months yet. But after going to war years ago, "months" is a short time. When genuine Wear-Ever aluminum utensils can be manufactured again they will be made available to you immediately—with the friendly trade mark on the bottom.

WORTH WAITING FOR

You know from years of experience how Wear-Ever brightens and betters your cooking and baking. How its faster—evener heating reduces worries about scorching; how it bakes and roasts to an all-over, uniform brown. The way it holds heat and saves fuel. And how its lightness and cheerful brightness make it a thing of joy over long years.

We'll be back. Won't you wait for us?



WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM UTENSILS

Made of the Metal that Cooks Best—Easy to Clean



THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

"ONE MORE FRIEND"

Sirs:

I thought you would be interested in an incident described in a letter I have just received from my brother, Captain Donald Wilder, stationed somewhere in France:

"A sentry led in a bewildered citizen of France who wanted to have a pass to visit on foot one of the towns we had just captured. I wish you could have



seen his face light up when I explained that he didn't need any papers to travel in France now, that this was his own country, not ours. He walked off looking happier than anyone I have seen since I left home. We've got one more friend for the invasion."

STOWE WILDER

● To Captain Wilder, husband of Margaret Buell Wilder whose book was made into the heart-warming motion picture *Since You Went Away* (LIFE, July 24), LIFE's thanks for this letter from the front.—ED.

REAPER FORD

Sirs:

Henry Ford is admittedly a man of amazing accomplishments, but when you suggest that at 10 years of age "it was easy for him to cut 25 acres [of wheat] a day" with a two-horse binder (LIFE, July 24), you are placing him in the realm of agricultural mythology.

I'll holler "uncle" for any man who can cut 10 acres a day with such equipment, and then I'll call the A.S.P.C.A.

CARLOS DE ZAFRO JR.

Newark, N. J.

● At the time LIFE took the pictures, 80-year-old Henry Ford, indeed an amazing man, himself recalled cutting the 25 acres of wheat at the age of 10.—ED.

ITALIAN CATHEDRALS

Sirs:

The pictures of the damaged cathedrals in Italy should be rewarded with an orchid to Photographer George Silk. They were beautiful and tragic.

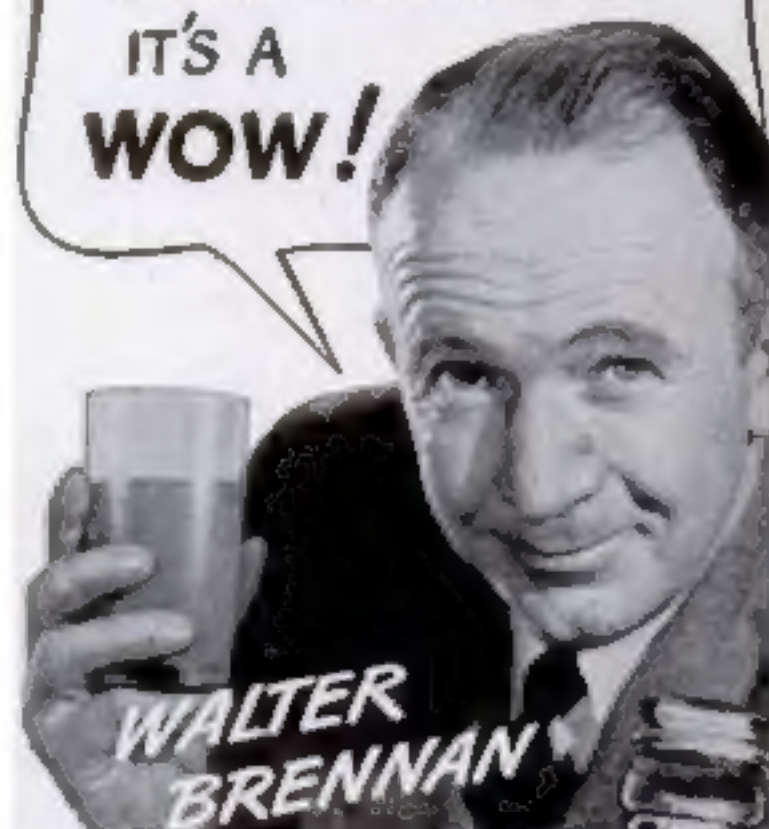
President Roosevelt was right when he said that the Italians have paid dearly for their indiscretions, for every inch of their beautiful boot has been scraped by the sharp-pronged rake of war. However, one can only remember the pictures of the Italian mobs, excitement and pleasure reflected on their foolish faces, collected to hail Mussolini, hell Hitler and hurrah Americans. Life in Italy will be pretty dull when the shouting is over.

ROSAMOND CHUDNOW

Los Angeles, Calif.

Appearing in Samuel Goldwyn's production
"THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE"

HERE'S WHAT I CALL
A SWELL TOMATO
JUICE COCKTAIL
IT'S A
WOW!



TRY A WOW—
made with FRENCH'S
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

Here's a tomato juice cocktail with zip! Easy to make: add to each glassful of tomato juice a pinch of salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix well—serve very cold. Gives plain tomato juice a rich new flavor.

Topnotch Quality at Half the Price



ONLY A
Genuine
SILEX
CAN MAKE
SILEX COFFEE



SALLY SILEX
says...

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST
Good coffee is clear coffee.
Only SILEX has the patented FLAVOR-GUARD filter.



(continued on p. 8)



BUY WAR BONDS!... TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"It's more than a car—its my job"

PASSENGER: "Seems natural to be riding in a Plymouth. Got one myself back home and I'm counting on it to outlast the war. It's a great car."

TAXI DRIVER: "I'll say — and it's more than a great car to me. It's *my job*! Without a car that keeps right on going and doesn't cost much to run, I'd be out of luck. Maybe you've noticed how many Plymouth cabs there are in every city. Cars really have to take it in this business — and Plymouths are built to *stand up*."

Back of Plymouth's rugged endurance is Plymouth engineering and manufacturing of a *quality* car. That's why three million pre-war Plymouths are still on the highways... while Plymouth *quality* is going into Corsair landing gears, parts for Helldiver wings, General Sherman tanks, Bofors guns, and many other weapons. A great dealer service organization represents Plymouth. Handy to you is the expert service the best car needs to keep it running for the duration.

PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

• TRUE YESTERDAY —

**PLYMOUTH
BUILDS
GREAT CARS**

• IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW



After the war you can fly to thousands of towns and resorts in your Piper Cub... with utmost safety and economy. Your pleasure trips will be full of fun—your business trips fast and enjoyable. Then every wide-awake community will have landing facilities.



Farsighted mayors are planning inexpensive landing facilities today—for you—for their sons and daughters upon their return from Service—for the town's own welfare.



Business in towns and cities with peacetime landing facilities for light planes will prosper. People will flock in their Piper Cubs to the places that are ready.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET NOW!

Your community should plan one or more inexpensive landing areas today! A new booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates and describes landing facilities. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. L84W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

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GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET, TOO—"Piper Cub... In War and In Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane, Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department L84, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

TIME FOR DECISION

Sirs:

A feather in the cap of LIFE for printing the two chapters from Sumner Welles's timely book, *The Time for Decision*. The world has been waiting for a scholarly, yet practical, approach to the settlement of our post-war problems. This we now have, thanks to our former Under Secretary of State.

Students of international politics will no doubt find many weaknesses in Mr. Welles's approach to the subject, but his analysis of this touchy topic gives us all something concrete to think about.

It does seem a shame that the ability of the politically astute Sumner Welles is not being used to its best advantage in helping us to shape an immediate and affirmative foreign policy.

WALTER S. RICKS

Gibson City, Ill.

Sirs:

In the issue of LIFE dated July 24 there was an article of very great interest to several of the inmates of this institution. It also has some of us looking for maps of Germany. It was the article by Mr. Sumner Welles.

45839

Oklahoma State Penitentiary
McAlester, Okla.

Sirs:

For the life of me, I see no wisdom in any plan which eliminates France!

Are we all crazy? Do we forget that there are some 40,000,000 peaceful, intelligent, cultured, educated people in France—the most solid peace "bloc" in continental Europe?

Or am I crazy?

RALPH ELLISON DE CASTRO
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I submit the following names for Mr. Welles's three subdivisions of Germany: 1) for southern Germany—Allemania or Deutsches Reich, 2) for western Germany—Deutschland, 3) for eastern Germany—Germania or Germany.

Each new state would then have a name closely linked with its history, yet names like Prussia or Bavaria would not be fastened on non-Prussians or non-Bavarians. It might also make it difficult for the states to agree on a common name for a reunion.

Z. CHAFEE III

York, Pa.

Sirs:

Mr. Welles's article sounds like bad advice. Or is the Atlantic Charter just another scrap of paper? Paragraph two of that illustrious document reads:

"Second, they [the United States of America and the British Empire] desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned."

Are our boys fighting for a new world and the principles laid down in the Atlantic Charter or are they merely carving a British dominion out of Germany?

OLIVER W. WEBER

Springfield, Colo.

● Prime Minister Churchill has stated flatly that this paragraph does not refer to enemy territory. So far the U. S. government has not committed itself on the question. However, a State Department spokesman has said: "While it is hard to say what applies in every case, you wouldn't be too far from wrong if you develop the idea along that line."—ED.

"I'm waiting for a Hamilton"

"No second-best for me! I'm waiting for a Hamilton, the watch that's now at war (along with many other Hamilton instruments). But soon there'll be a new Hamilton, a watch worth waiting for!"



THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.



U-ALL-NO
Richardson's
AFTER DINNER
MINT
ALSO OTHER FLAVORS



Same Big Package of
Richardson's Quality for 10¢
THOS. D. RICHARDSON CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"Wilt? I wilt NOT!"

says this lettuce—even after 30 days!



IMAGINE lettuce "keeping its head" — and its crispness, and color, and flavor — for 30 days after leaving the garden!

Of course there's a reason. *This* lettuce was harvest-wrapped in **PLIOFILM** — the marvelous, new, transparent, moistureproof, spoilageproof wrapping material that *seals in* garden freshness and *seals out* withering waste.

Tests made by the University of Florida Agricultural Experiment Station proved that **PLIOFILM** has a way with fruits and vegetables that lets them keep their natural goodness, flavor, color and vitamins for weeks and even months after ripening.

You know what *that* means! After the war your neighborhood market will be able to offer you oranges, grapefruit, apples, carrots, cabbage, celery, broccoli, corn on the cob and many other farm and orchard products as fine and fresh as if you picked them yourself! Bakery goods, too — and meats, and soups — and countless other good things to eat. All **PLIOFILM**-protected!

We say "after the war" because right now **PLIOFILM** is doing war duty *exclusively*.

Let's buy some *more* War Bonds — and get this war over in a hurry!

Buy War Bonds Buy for Keeps

Pliofilm

A PRODUCT OF GOODYEAR RESEARCH



P.S. Pliofilm is not just for foods alone. It has literally thousands of applications as low-cost protection for pharmaceuticals, chemicals, tobacco, precision instruments, cables and all moisture-sensitive products, as well as in the manufacture of raincoats, shower curtains and umbrellas.

Safe highway home



You're not riding to school or coasting to the grocery these days, Jimmy. You're rocketing over ocean stretches and solid jungle in a high-flying kite with 2,000 horsepower packed into its nose. But New Departure, who made the coaster brakes and bearings in that good old bike, still rides with you, still helps to get you smoothly and safely home.

The bike you pedaled, the car you drove, your roller skates, the refrigerator you owned — all ran on ball bearings of many kinds and sizes. Nothing added so much to smoothness and economy.

The General Motors plants that produce under the name of New Departure were specializing in ball bearings before the motorcar was born. And they built up, year by year, a

great fund of experience. They helped to reduce friction and postpone wear wherever shafts turned.

And then, right out of the blue came December 7, 1941. Engineers in industry and the armed forces wrote specifications for ball bearings into every kind and type of war machine.

What were once busy factories, bloomed into enormous plants that made millions of ball bearings for planes, cars, ships and tanks — more ball bearings than produced by all America's enemies put together.

They are serving in props, engines, superchargers, turrets, bombsights and fire controls. Some are big. Some are smaller than the head of a pin. Bearings so tiny and exquisite had never been made in this country before, but

General Motors engineers took the job of making them. Years of working for more and better things for more people had given them all the needed knowledge.

They had this knowledge because we live in a land where just rewards have always stimulated men to new accomplishments.

That idea helped provide a rich, full life for prewar America. It has helped production for war in countless ways.

And it promises more and better things for more people in the peaceful years ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG

Buy More War Bonds



INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



We took a soldier-friend of ours to see a picture the other night and no sooner had it ended than he ran out, saying, "That does it."

The next we heard he was off on a honeymoon.

Which goes to show you can't underestimate the power of a movie. (With apologies to a certain "powerful" magazine.)

The picture that made up our friend's mind is

"I Love a Soldier"

Taking up where they left off in "So Proudly We Hail," it's PAULETTE GODDARD and SONNY TUFTS up to some new tricks... and twists.

It was simply love at first fight.

Paulette's a welder by day but wilder at night.

What we mean is, wherever she goes the sparks fly. That is, till she got her mind on bigger things.

About as big as Sonny, you might say. And he agreed that one good kiss deserves another.

Engineering these shenanigans is, believe it or not, Barry (Going My Way) Fitzgerald. And if you folks aren't careful, Barry's going to become your favorite actor, bar none.

"I LOVE A SOLDIER" starts off with a honey of a kiss and ends the same way.

In between are a few thousand feet of gay, glorious fun and... sigh... love.

Punctuated, of course, with a few, well chosen kisses.

Producer-Director MARK SANDRICH, of "Holiday Inn" and "So Proudly We Hail" fame, was apparently very hard bit by that ol' Spring bug.

And don't say we didn't warn you about our Mr. Fitzgerald. He's merely terrific.

So long for now, and for the best of everything, see...

Paramount Pictures

LIFE

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PRESIDENT: Roy E. Larsen
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: John Shaw Billings



LIFE'S COVER

The tough, haggard man on the cover is one of thousands who are winning the battle for France. He is Lieut. "Kewpie" Hurre of the U. S. airborne infantry. Men like Lieut. Hurre saw their hardest fighting on June 6, when many of them were landed behind German lines in Normandy with parachute troops. In the great break-through in France (see pp. 19-21) airborne troops are probably being used as infantry shock troops.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

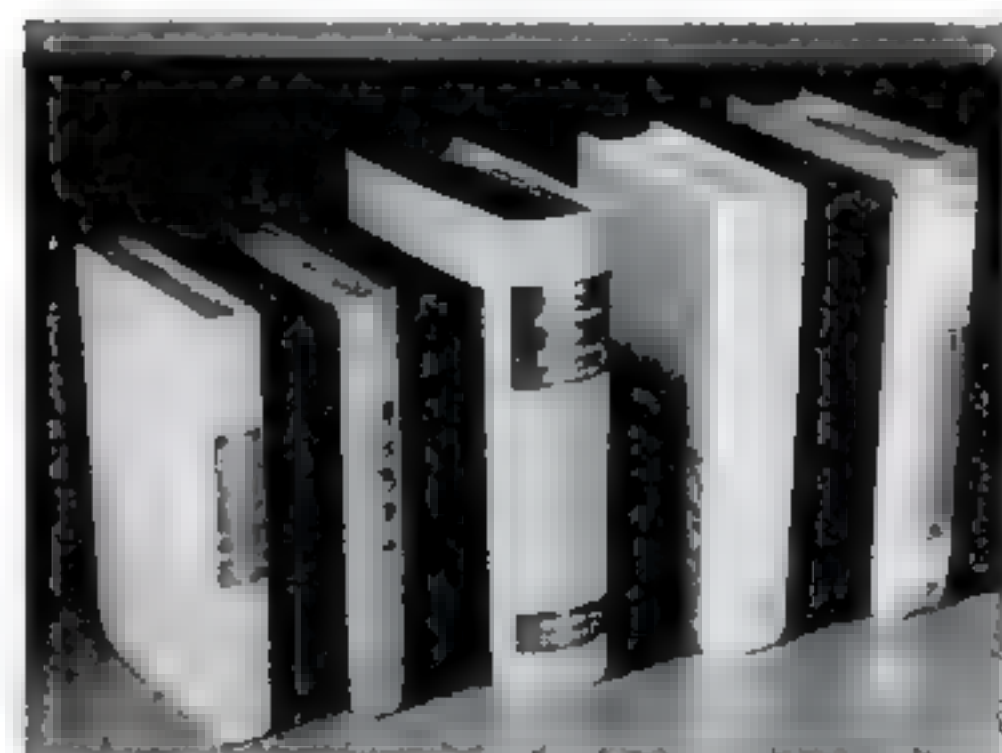
...THESE BOOKS
ARE DR. CANBY'S
BEST FOR 1924-44

Last week the *Saturday Review of Literature* celebrated its 20th anniversary. To mark this literary milestone the editors of the *Saturday Review* invited its contributors to pick the best novel and the best novelist to appear on the U. S. publishing scene during the last 20 years. The *Saturday Review* contributors chose Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith* as No. 1 novel and Ernest Hemingway as No. 1 novelist.

To show LIFE readers how difficult such a selection can be, Dr. Henry Sidel Canby, founder of the *Saturday Review* and its associate editor, has compiled a list of the 100 outstanding books of 1924-1944, the most prolific period in U. S. publishing history.

Though Dr. Canby's bookshelf (left) contains some foreign authors, it is primarily a gauge of U. S. literary trends in the 20 years between two wars. The bitter realism which set in following World War I found expression in Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* (1925). It erupted into violence in Faulkner's *Sanctuary* (1931) and spread into the dreary documentation of James T. Farrell's *Young Lonigan* (1932). Some writers, however, were untouched by the realism of the '20s. Most of these were pure prose artisans like Thornton Wilder (*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, 1928) and Katherine Anne Porter (*Flowering Judas*, 1930).

The depression of the '30s produced a new trend—the romantic historical novel—of which Edna Ferber's *Show Boat* (1926) was a forerunner. With the exception of Hervey Allen's mammoth *Anthony Adverse* (1933), the historical novels of this escapist period Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* (1934), Kenneth Robert's *Northwest Passage* (1937)—all dealt with America's own romantic past. This trend in public taste made *Gone With The Wind* (1936) an all-time best-seller and overflowed into a demand for books like Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England* (1936) and Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln* (1926-1930). The gloom of the '20s is left behind but a new stoic-to realism persists today in the works of Hemingway.



The five best novels of 1924-44 chosen by the *Saturday Review of Literature* in the order of their importance are: Lewis' *Arrowsmith*; Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*; Dos Passos' *U. S. A*; Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* and Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. All five belong to the realist school.

of late '20s is notable by its absence. Poetry (Jeffers, Benet, Wylie et al.) and playwriting (O'Neill, Olets, Hellman)

are both well represented. *Finnegans Wake* is the most difficult book on Dr. Canby's shelf, *Mein Kampf* worst written.

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immediately refund your money!



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

BEST U.S. NOVELISTS

The *Saturday Review's* contributors gave Ernest Hemingway twice as many votes for leading U. S. novelist as Willa Cather, runner-up. John Dos Passos was third; Sinclair Lewis, fourth; Thomas Wolfe, fifth; Ellen Glasgow, sixth; Theodore Dreiser, seventh. John Steinbeck, Kenneth Roberts, William Faulkner and Marjorie Rawlings all tied for eighth place.



Ernest Hemingway is the best novelist but did not write the best novel of two decades. He is now a war correspondent.



Willa Cather, spokesman for pioneer traditions, received the 1944 fiction award of National Academy of Arts & Letters.



John Dos Passos, social-conscious realist, is now in Provincetown working on new novel and biography of Jefferson.



Sinclair Lewis, the tender satirist of the American scene, is in Duluth, writing another novel with a midwest setting.



Thomas Wolfe, autobiographical novelist, was the great "expressionist" of the '30s. Wolfe died in 1938, at the age of 38.



Ellen Glasgow, brilliant craftsman and satirist of Southern tradition, won Pulitzer Prize (1942) for *In This Our Life*.



Theodore Dreiser, whose *An American Tragedy* started trend of realism, is in Hollywood writing book on philosophy.



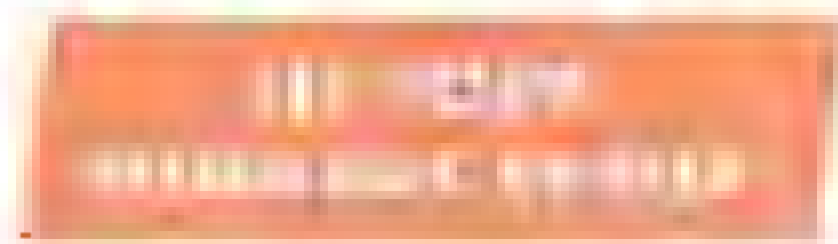
John Steinbeck, the regional novelist of the '30s, turned to fiction with a war setting, then became a war correspondent.

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dynamic pose, driving on a
road that curves into the distance.

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Mobilgas

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AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE



"But, darling, nobody's going to make you eat shark," coaxed Elsie

"DON'T TRY TO TELL ME," sputtered Elmer, the bull. "I read that report that Borden is in the fish business, and I know you. It means fish on the table three times a day, and I won't stand for it!"

"Silly," snickered Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You should have read more carefully. Then you'd know that Borden has taken over several big fisheries to get vitamins for *Borden's Feed Supplements*. Fish livers are full of vitamins. And that means better pork, poultry, and eggs."



"That doesn't make sense," complained Elmer. "You can't make a hen's egg out of a fish's liver."

"Naturally not," smiled Elsie patiently. "The vitamins from fish livers go into feed supplements and the supplements go into the animals and poultry. *Ratron-ayd*, for example, is added to chicken feed for finer eggs and fatter fowl. In the same way, *Bospro* makes healthier, more productive cows, and *Hopro* makes huskier pigs and better pork. All three are Borden products."

"Fascinating," yawned Elmer, "but whatever be-

came of that wonderful milk you used to talk about?"

"Why, more uses for milk are being found all the



time," Elsie replied hastily. "Lactose (that's milk sugar) made by Borden is used to make that marvelous germ-killer, penicillin."

"Gosh," marvelled Elmer, "the first thing we know,



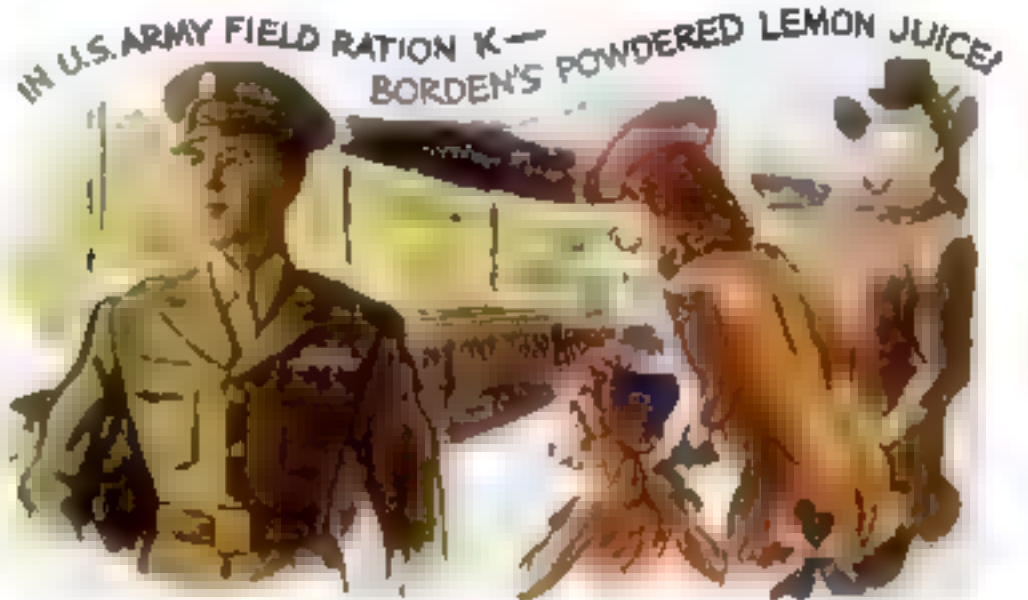
Borden will be doing everything but shine your shoes."

"That's not so far off either," giggled Elsie. "Shoes

shine more easily and wear better because of *Borden's Protovac Caseins* which are used in leather finishes."

"What?" kidded Elmer, "...no notions, no dry goods?"

"Oh, dry goods are an old story to Borden," chuckled Elsie. "Bakers have been using *Borden's Dried Natural Fruit Juices* for years. And Borden's



Powdered Lemon Juice is an important part of the new Army Paratroops' ration because it's packed with Vitamin C."

"No matter what I say," complained Elmer, "your subject is Borden's and you certainly stick to it."

"In that case," quipped Elsie, "I'm lucky to have sticky subjects like *Borden's Glues* to talk about. *Cascamite* glue helps make sturdier plywoods for air-



planes and for homes. *Cascu* can be used to mend almost anything in the house."

"Seems to me that you're likely to become more stuck up than ever," jested Elmer, haw-hawing heartily at his own cleverness. "At least I can thank heaven for one thing. With all these marvelous Borden products, you won't be quite so swelled-headed about that precious milk of yours."

"Nonsense," beamed Elsie. "I'm prouder of my milk than ever before. For milk was what started Borden's business, back in 1857. And while Borden now makes many products that have nothing to do with milk, it was the purity of *Borden's Milk* that first taught people to know that: If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

ELSIE SAYS: "Every extra bond you buy may mean a boy won't have to die!"



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LIFE'S PICTURES

Except for an excursion as photographer on the first B-29 raid against Japan, Bernard Hoffman has been working in the humid jungles of Burma for the last five months. His latest pictures show the Ledo Road (pp. 65-73), "toughest road-building job Army engineers have ever known, any time or anywhere." Here he is washing off the blood-sucking leeches that infest Burma in numbers enough to emaciate a man who falls from fatigue or injury.

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But how can you call it "luck" when it happens all the time?

Experts' trick

Confidentially, I have a little secret. As I said, I'm far from being an expert, but I've learned one trick lots of experts use. And it's a very simple trick.

I just load my camera with *Ansco film*.

This film remembers I'm human. It seems to cover up most of my little mistakes of speed and

exposure. And, believe me, I make plenty!

They tell me that this quality in Ansco film is called *latitude*. (It's one of the things the experts like!) And it helps shutter snappers like you and me get better pictures.

All I know is that when I use Ansco film, I'm *confident* I'm going to get the kind of pictures I want. And my album is proof that I do.

Take my advice and try Ansco film next time you take pictures. It doesn't cost a penny more. And every roll of Ansco film

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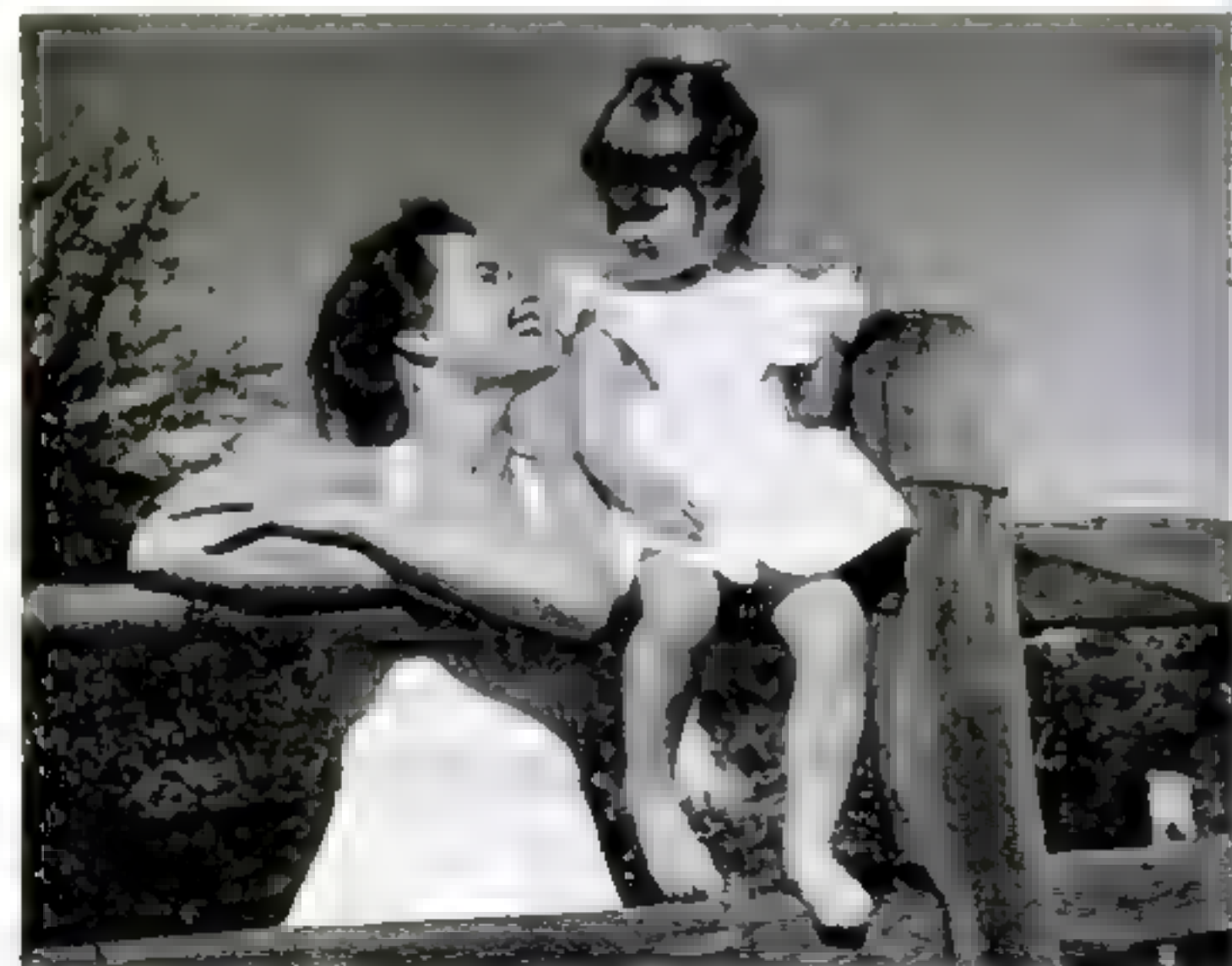
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THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS
YOU'RE HUMAN



Three beauties — Big Jane, Little Jane, and this Ansco picture of both!



This "heart-warmer" wasn't luck — it was Ansco!



GERMAN TIGER AND PANTHER TANKS STAND AMONG THEIR OWN MILLING TRACKS WHERE THEY WERE KNOCKED OUT BY U.S. FIRE IN A HEDGEROW-GIRT FIELD WEST OF ST. LÔ

BREAK-THROUGH IN FRANCE

The battle of Normandy became the battle of France last week. The crushing weight of U. S. tank power had broken a broad lane through the brittle German defenses west of St. Lô and had spilled over into Brittany, where it plunged at top speed for the big Breton ports. It was the kind of an attack that destroys armies and wins wars, not battles.

The great break-through began on July 25, after an enormous bombardment by Allied planes and guns. For the first six days it sliced and encircled the German forces between St. Lô and the sea. By July 31 it had struck southward to Avranches. After the fall of Avranches the inexhaustible U. S. tank columns pounded down the roads of Brittany at such a clip that reporters evidently could not keep up with the columns or could not send their dispatches for fear of giving away the full extent of the advance. At week's

end the columns approached St. Nazaire and Brest, but these objectives were already losing their significance. As one U. S. commander said: "To hell with objectives, keep going!" While the Brittany drive continued, other U. S. columns began another thrust which might be most important of all. Pushing east of Avranches toward Paris, they were surprised to find German resistance was also weak in that sector.

In the midst of the Brittany debacle, the Germans appeared to be making no attempt to reinforce their beaten troops. Nazi Military Commentator Ludwig Sertorius intimated that no strategic reserves would be sent to Brittany. The Germans had made their major troop dispositions to contain Allied thrusts that they feared more than those in Brittany. One of their fears was reflected by the Vichy radio, which said last week that the Allies were again massing a fleet

for an invasion of the Mediterranean coast of France.

In spite of the scale of the German defeat in France, it was still only a part of the vast disintegration in Germany's position last week. Turkey, after waiting much too long to pick the winning side, had broken diplomatic relations with the Reich. Bulgaria was reported seeking peace terms. In Poland and the Baltic States Germany's eastern military disaster was increasing. The Russians had driven a thin corridor to the Baltic Sea below Riga, marooning an estimated 200,000 Germans. South of Warsaw the Russians had started a big drive across the Vistula River toward German Silesia. There, on the plains of western Poland, the grand battle which would decide the immediate fate of Germany was developing.

The pictures on the following pages show the initial stages of the U.S. break-through in Normandy.



Artillery barrage raises great pillars of smoke and dust in hedgerow country between St. Lô and Périers, where the break-through began July 25. Just previously 3,000 Allied planes had

saturated zone two miles deep and five miles wide in same area with 6,000 tons of bombs. After the artillery pounding, tanks and motorized infantry were rushed through the area.



Effects of bombardment are shown around group of houses by stream west of St. Lô. Most of tonnage dropped by planes was in light, antipersonnel fragmentation bombs, designed to

explode at the instant they hit. These left bare patches in fields above without digging holes. The wreckage of houses and deeper holes were caused by direct shelling of the Germans there.



Herd of Allied tanks pushes through hedgerows at beginning of the offensive. Bulldozers or "tank-dozers," tanks equipped with a scraping blade, often cut gaps through hedgerows. At

beginning of the break-through tanks frequently moved through fields instead of on roads. In this way they were at least partly concealed from German antitank guns which swept roads



U. S. vehicles move through village in St. Lô-Periers sector. At left is half track carrying anti-aircraft guns for protection against rare German daylight strafing. Most of the German aerial

activity is at night. In daylight German planes are easily handled by masses of Allied fighter-bombers, which serve dual purpose of ground support and cover against enemy aerial attack.



In blasted Coutances Eight tanks stop in street before obstruction. Smoke is from shellburst. Coutances, seven miles from the sea, fell to two U. S. armored echadrons fifth day of break-

through. One column struck westward from main push near St. Lô. The other pushed rapidly down from the north when Germans fell back in fear of being encircled by the first column.



Tanks carry infantry through break in German lines near St. Lô. Much of success of break-through was due to the hairline cooperation between infantry and tanks. When tanks came to

strong antitank nest, they often took cover, let infantry units with them move in to take position by hand. Against enemy infantry tanks bowled ahead, breaking path for U. S. infantry.



Camouflaged infantrymen attached to U. S. 2nd Armored Division crouch on hill overlooking German strong point in farmhouse. German 88-mm. guns near farmhouse had halted U. S.

tanks, so infantry moved in, pinned down Germans with machine-gun fire from close range while tanks came up to knock out position with their guns. Action took place around July 30.



Acrobatic dancer performs for U. S. troops lounging in field at rest camp. Show featured girl dancers, also had two clowns, one of whom had once performed with Ringling Circus in New

York. The girls relied heavily on dancing and pantomime because none of them spoke English. On opposite page a girl acrobat achieves a smile as she is whirled in air by partner.

FRENCH GIRLS PUT ON SHOW FOR TROOPS IN REST CAMP

While the great break-through boiled southward a few U.S. soldiers were taking it easy in rest camps behind the lines. At one of the camps the men were entertained by an eager troupe of French vaudevillians called Les Grandes Tournées d'André Fleury. Les

Grandes Tournées had been organized in Paris for performances on a civilian and German army circuit. They were playing in the Cherbourg area when the Allies landed in France. They had charged some Germans 60 francs admission, asked only 25 from Americans.



Dancer skims stage dangerously as she is swung by male partner. The men at show were from 20th Division. Its commanding general, Major General Charles H. Gerhardt, also attended.



Stage-door Johnnies talk with French dancer at dressing tent. Most of dancers were Parisians. For soldiers in camp, the show's price of admission was paid by Army Special Services Fund.



WAR AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

THE BILL OF RIGHTS IS INTACT, BUT ARE WE MAKING THE MOST USE OF IT?

"If we get into this thing, here's one sure bet: you can kiss the Bill of Rights goodbye." Remember that argument? It was practically the last word in the great pre-Pearl Harbor debates between isolationists and interventionists. Even the interventionists, many of them, conceded it.

War and personal freedom are in fact not very compatible. Rights are the first thing a man surrenders when he puts on a uniform. The question is, how many rights can he retain? Recently the controversy has centered around the soldier's right to vote, to read and to have political opinions. It is an appropriate time to take the pulse of our Bill of Rights to see how it is standing up under war conditions.

Only 23% Are Sure

A recent survey by the National Opinion Research Center discovered that only 23% of the American people have a reasonably accurate idea of what the Bill of Rights is. The Research Center also found that one American in three—the least-educated third—does not believe in true free speech, nor that newspapers should be allowed to criticize our form of government, even in peacetime. These figures are, to say the least, alarming.

But despite this ignorance and apathy about the Bill of Rights we have treated it pretty well, even during this war. The American Civil Liberties Union recently issued its 20th annual report. "Three years of war have not essentially impaired the guarantees of the Bill of Rights on which American democracy rests," says the ACLU. It finds plenty to deplore, such as growing racial tension and the compulsory relocation of Japanese-Americans. But it also finds much evidence of a new tolerance, notably the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act, the fade-out of the Dies Committee and many court decisions. There has been "almost unlimited freedom of debate and dissent on the conduct of the war and on the issues of peace." This stands in marked contrast with our national behavior in 1917-18 when many critics of the war were jailed on flimsy charges or none at all.

All told, a pretty clean record. Since the ACLU report came out, Senator Taft and the Army have had a little Bill-of-Rights trouble, but that too will probably be straightened out. What happened was this: Taft and other Republicans feared the administration would use Army and Navy channels to influence the soldier vote, so they wrote a law forbidding the use of government funds to distribute any literature that was "designed or calculated" to influence it. Since the law carries severe penalties, the Army decided to play safe on all borderline cases. Barred from Army libraries and post exchanges were Charles Beard's *The Republic*, a biography of Justice

Holmes and many other admirable books and magazines.

Moreover, when Colonel Egbert White of the *Stars and Stripes* wanted to give the soldiers a daily A. P. summary of the political news, he was relieved of his job, and the *Stars and Stripes* was taken over by the aseptic bureaucrats of Army Public Relations. Since then it has told the GIs next to nothing about the election; even Dewey's acceptance speech and Roosevelt's "I will serve" letter were printed in emasculated form.

The Army's political censorship does not apply to most general magazines nor to any book, magazine or newspaper that is sent direct to the individual GI by mail. But it applies to the Army's own publications and to the contents of Army libraries and post exchanges.

On the face of it this Army policy is stupid. Senator Taft himself calls it "ridiculous," and he is now rewriting his law. The Army is perfectly willing to change its policy. It was fear of Congress, not fear of the GI, that inspired it in the first place.

Every ambitious officer from a colonel up is acutely conscious of Congress, for the Senate must approve his next promotion. At the same time the West Point tradition makes him carefully nonpolitical. The result is a kind of brass-hat know-nothingism: no news is good news, the less said the better, play it safe. Army censorship is anything but purposefully repressive. On the contrary, it is a direct reflection of the domestic political situation, of the prejudices of Congress and of the American people as a whole.

Timid America

Most soldiers don't read books; they read comics. They have no more vivid notion of the true meaning of the Bill of Rights than have their families at home. The chairman of the New York Ballot Commission may well have been right when he estimated that two-thirds of the eligible soldiers would not bother to vote even on a simplified ballot.

Yet for all his surface apathy and ignorance, you cannot fool the average GI and you cannot talk down to him. It is doubly stupid to censor his reading matter, for his natural suspicion delouses everything he reads. At the same time, beneath his touchy surface he has a deep hunger for real information.

The greatest mistake of the armed services' information policy is not censorship but a mistake of omission. They are missing the greatest opportunity in years: the chance to stimulate and satisfy the natural curiosity of 12,500,000 citizens. These citizens, like their families at home, know little or nothing of why they are in Italy, Iran, China, Australia; of how these places fit into the American scheme of things; or of what the war is about.

And perhaps nobody knows for sure. But the American system at least provides a

time-honored method of reaching a conclusion. This method is freedom of press and discussion, the method of the Bill of Rights.

The British, through their Army Bureau of Current Affairs, have placed a large bet on their own bill of rights. They have organized, platoon by platoon, a systematic use of that fine old educational institution, the bull session. If the average Englishman proves a more-knowing citizen than the average American after this war, the ABCA program will have been a big reason. Our Army has a pale, belated and incomplete copy of ABCA in the "orientation program." But neither the caliber of our "indoctrination officers" nor the program itself is equal to the vast, diffident, hungry ignorance of the GIs.

Scattered all over the world the great majority of GIs still spend their idle time in bored wonder at their strange surroundings. And they sing:

*I'm sick of the sight of these Limies and Frogs,
I'm fed to the teeth with these Gooks, Wops
and Wogs,*

*I want to go back to my chickens and hogs,
I don't want to leave home any more.*

If the boys come home singing this song, who can blame them? Yet they are the nucleus of tomorrow's electorate; and an electorate made up of parochial xenophobes and determined know-nothings will prove a serious embarrassment to our foreign policy, to say the least. Especially in an age of robot bombs.

A World Free Press?

The platforms of both parties favor worldwide freedom of information. This goal, an old dream of Kent Cooper's of the A.P., is in fact a *sine qua non* of enduring peace. It is the most logical of specific American war aims, worth far more to us than territory or money. For truth is the most powerful weapon in the world.

We seem to be in a good position to demand worldwide freedom of information. Our domestic nose is cleaner than usual, as the Civil Liberties Union attests. But a clean nose may be a sign of health, or it may be a sign of suspended political animation.

The GI cannot blame his ignorance on censorship. His case is against the timidity of the Army, of Congress and of the nation. We have not repressed truth; we have rather avoided the trouble of forcing ourselves and our soldiers to discuss and discover what truth is.

Freedom of press and speech are like sovereignty, of which Wendell Wilkie said that it is something to be used, not hoarded. Only by putting the Bill of Rights to work will the ignorant 77% of us discover what the Bill of Rights really means. To keep civil liberty intact, to keep a clean nose, is progress of a kind. But it is not as much as we could be making, nor as much as we shall need hereafter.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The Allies have waited a long time to see the sight opposite: a German soldier putting on a comedian's imitation of the Führer. French civil-

ians, watching the German retreat in Brittany, reported: "They were very discouraged and all were lackadaisical. What discouraged them most

was the amount of American equipment coming against them." Captured German officers, however, were still cocky, confident, argumentative.

Surrendered German soldier in Normandy puts a piece of wool on his lip and burlesques his "sacred Führer," Adolf Hitler.





NOMINEE TOM DEWEY WAVES TO THE CROWDS AT LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD (ILL.)



GOVERNORS DEWEY AND GREEN (OF ILLINOIS) WITH THEIR WIVES AT LINCOLN'S TOMB

NOMINEE DEWEY STARTS CAMPAIGN

And produces new issues for 1944

Last week Republican Tom Dewey put in five solid days of campaign planning and politicking in Pennsylvania, Illinois and Missouri. He shook thousands of hands, made a pilgrimage to the tomb and home of Abraham Lincoln, toiled into the early morning hours with the other 25 Republican governors at St. Louis. He also gave U. S. voters an early hint of kind of issues on which he expects to lick Democrat Franklin Roosevelt in November. Chief among them was postwar jobs.

Said Dewey: "The United States simply cannot afford another Roosevelt depression, which lasted for

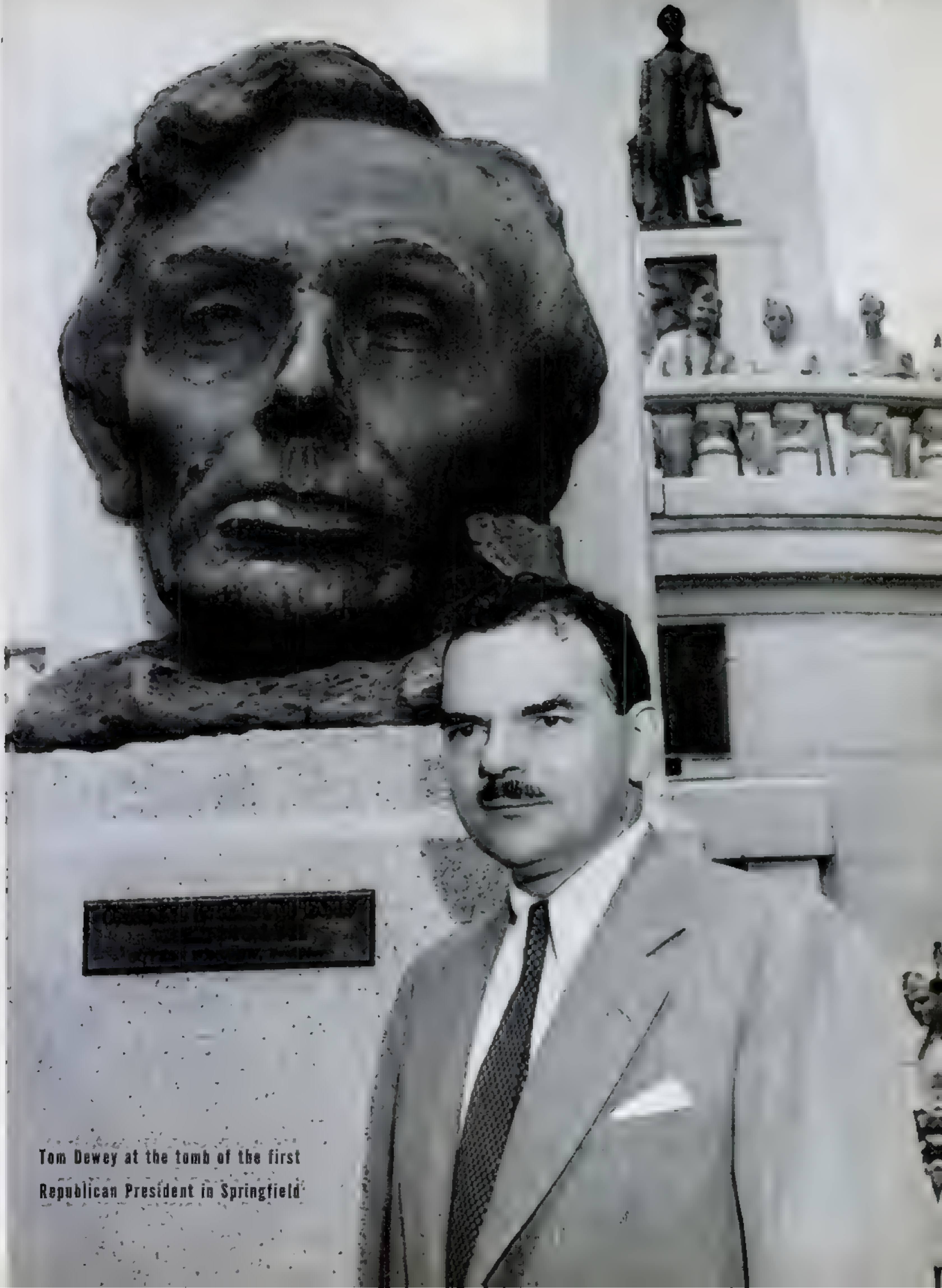
eight years . . . with ten million unemployed." The Republicans are doing something about meeting this problem, he said, while the administration at Washington is not. With millions of soldiers and war workers already wondering what they will do when peace comes, these words were calculated to sink deep as the campaign progresses. Tom Dewey also took a quiet and effective jab at the Democrats' "commander-in-chief" argument. Said Dewey: "It is too easily forgotten that we are electing a President who will serve until 1949, most of whose term will be in peacetime."



At Pittsburgh Dewey and his pretty wife (lower left) shook hands with 5,000 G. O. P. workers from all over Pennsylvania in between his conferences on postwar reconversion and politics.



At Springfield the Deweys were welcomed by a perspiring, banner-waving throng, including many Illinois State House workers. A band serenaded them on the executive mansion lawn.



Tom Dewey at the tomb of the first
Republican President in Springfield



GOVERNORS BRICKER OF OHIO AND DEWEY OF NEW YORK, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES OF 1944, POSE FOR CAMPAIGN PICTURES WITH FELLOW REPUBLICAN GOVERNORS OF 21 STATES

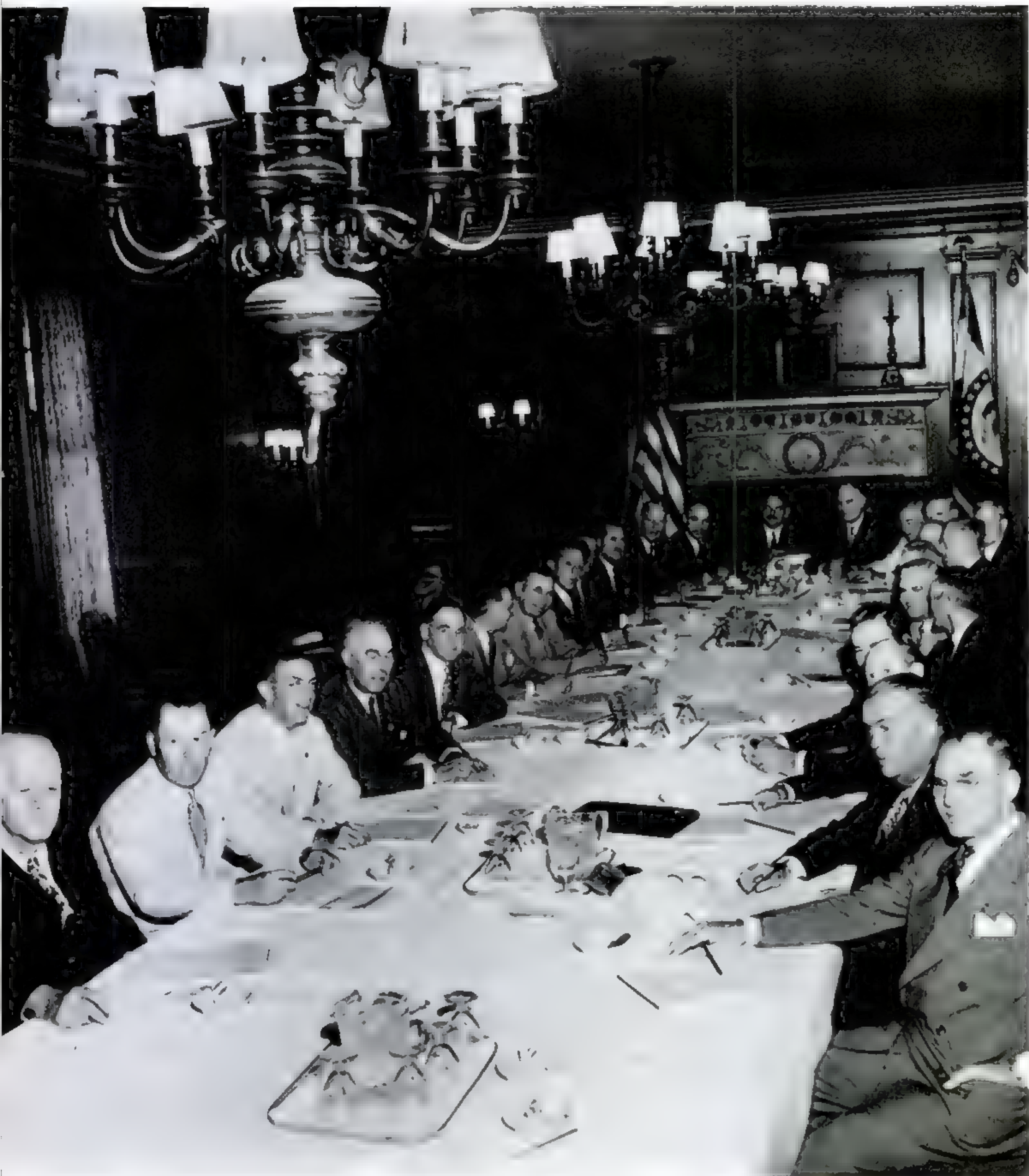
G.O.P. GOVERNORS

They form a potent election machine

Nominee Dewey's biggest achievement last week was to bring together all 26 Republican governors of the U. S. in St. Louis and weld them into a formidable team for Republican victory in November. The 26 G. O. P. governors govern more than half of the states and about two-thirds of the U. S. population. Together they make up a machine which should give a good

account of itself against the federal and big city machines which Nominee Roosevelt will have behind him.

In order to make sure that each governor will feel himself an important cog in the Republican organization this fall—and also to give him a campaign picture for his home-state papers—Nominees Dewey and Bricker painstakingly sat for individual portraits with



THE GOVERNORS MET WITHOUT A CHAIRMAN. THOUGH DEWEY AND BRICKER HAD HEAD SEATS, DEWEY BROUGHT "RESEARCH" DRAFTS ON 14 POINTS, WHICH GOVERNORS REWROTE

each one of their 24 fellow-governors (see above, left).

While St. Louis baked in Middle-west heat, the Republican governors' conference worked hard and long in the air-conditioned comfort of the Statler Hotel's Daniel Boone Room (above). They wrote and unanimously approved a 14-point program to settle long-standing differences between the state and federal gov-

ernments if and when the Republicans take over in Washington. This Republican "14 points" contained many a hard slam at the Roosevelt administration. Example: "To allow continuance of the present listlessness, negligence and lack of leadership in Washington is to invite national disaster at the conclusion of either of our two major conflicts." Well-pleased with

their work, the Republican governors headed for home at the end of the week after a three-hour, down-to-earth political talk with National Republican Chairman Herb Brownell. And Nominee Dewey, declaring he was confident of winning in November, indicated that his administration would be able to solve Federal-state conflicts which have long plagued the U. S.



IN NEW YORK MARCANTONIO SPEAKS FROM 216th STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE. MAYOR LA GUARDIA'S "LUCKY CORNER" WHERE HE SPOKE WHEN RUNNING FOR CONGRESS

P.A.C. VICTORIES

Political arm of C.I.O., headed by Sidney Hillman, wins in the New York and Missouri primaries

Last week the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee, headed by Sidney Hillman, *labor*, won its most significant victories. As in all elections, the influence of one group was hard to measure, but P.A.C.'s strength was indicated by the success of 9 of its 11 candidates for Congress in New York and Missouri.

Among its victors in New York was Representative Vito Marcantonio, *labor*, a leftish phenomenon who duplicated his feat of two years ago by winning the nomination, not only of the American Labor Party but also of the Democratic and Republican parties. The day after the election he defeated opposi-

ents' complaints about his methods for getting out the votes. The Republicans charged that a demonstration at the polling places, said Representative Martin Kennedy, defeated Democrat, "I just could not compete with the unlimited funds of the C.I.O."

In Missouri Senator Bennett Champ Clark, a rival of the Roosevelt administration, was beaten in the Democratic primary by State Attorney General Roy McKitterick, known in Middle West as an out-and-out vote getter. But Clark also blamed P.A.C. for his defeat. "The election represents a complete temporary triumph for the Communist-controlled C.I.O."

FROM HIS OFFICE AT 205 EAST 42nd ST. IN NEW YORK SIDNEY HILLMAN DIRECTS THE ACTIVITIES OF THE P.A.C. HIS COMMITTEE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE \$1,000,000 TO SPEND

HERE THERE IS NO POLL TAX

CIO POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE

There every man is equal
at the polls. Your vote
can be a vote for equality
of job, equality of pay,
equality of opportunity.
But to make use of that
vote to register.
Check back your vote
by not registering.

for full employment after the war.
REGISTER VOTE

REGISTER REGISTER

employment is the basis
REGISTER VOTE

OUR FRIEND

NATIONAL CITIZENS POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE

REGISTER

SOUP BALANCES THE SUMMER MEAL

VICTORY GARDEN SALAD AND *Campbell's* CHICKEN SOUP

Yes, chicken soup's the kind of dish to put before a man—or any one of the millions of women and youngsters doing a man-size job this summer. Each bowlful means good eating, with chicken broth so rich it glistens—and plenty of pieces of tender chicken, both light meat and dark.

Make soup the one hot dish

FRESH FRUIT SALAD AND *Campbell's* BEEF SOUP

There's nothing like beef soup to get an appetite under way—and then do right by it. This soup boasts the thick brown beef stock, plump barley, hearty vegetables and pieces of fine tender beef that put substance and satisfaction in a meal. It's just exactly the kind of soup the whole family will enjoy often.

Make soup the one hot dish

SUMMER SANDWICHES AND *Campbell's* ASPARAGUS SOUP

Summer eating can be mighty fine indeed when you meet a combination like this at lunch or supper. All the freshness of spring asparagus nudges your appetite—for every spoonful brings smooth, nourishing goodness. And as you dip into this good soup, you'll find plenty of tender-and-tasty asparagus tips!

Make soup the one hot dish

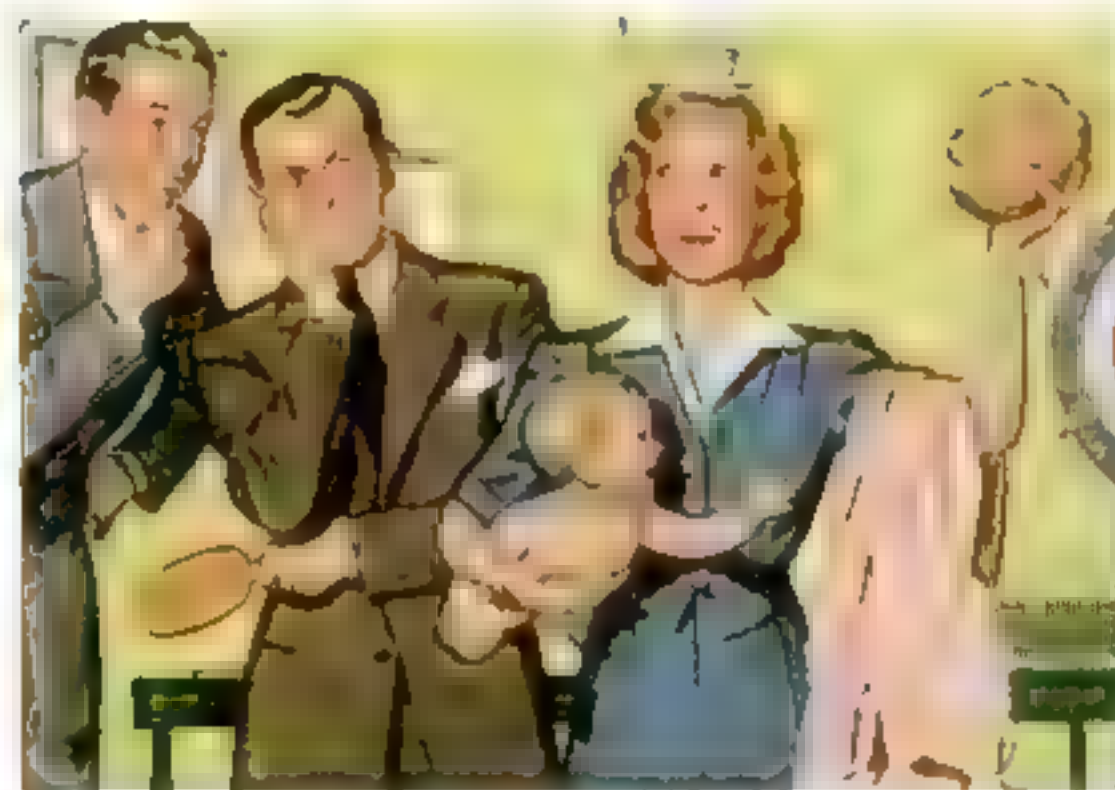


LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"OKAY!

NOW WHAT AM I?"

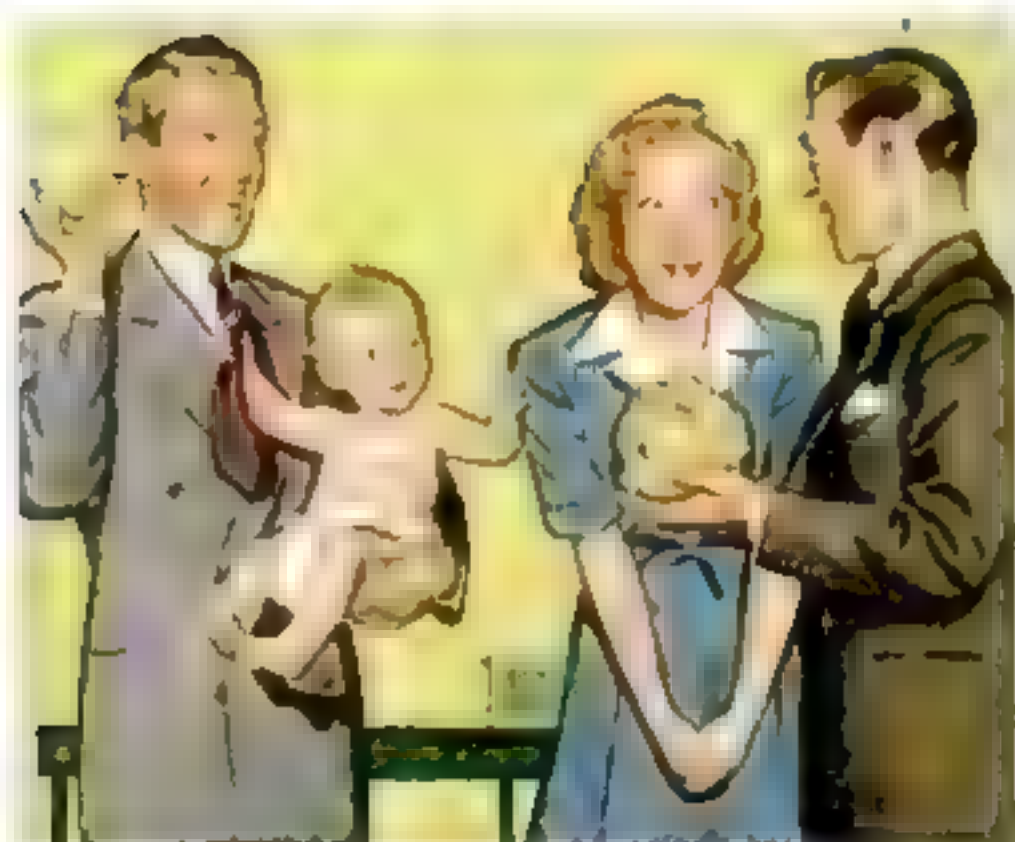
(A CHARADE, STARRING GRACIE ALLEN, GEORGE BURNS, AND BILL GOODWIN)



GEORGE: Gracie! That's the dumbest imitation you've given yet!

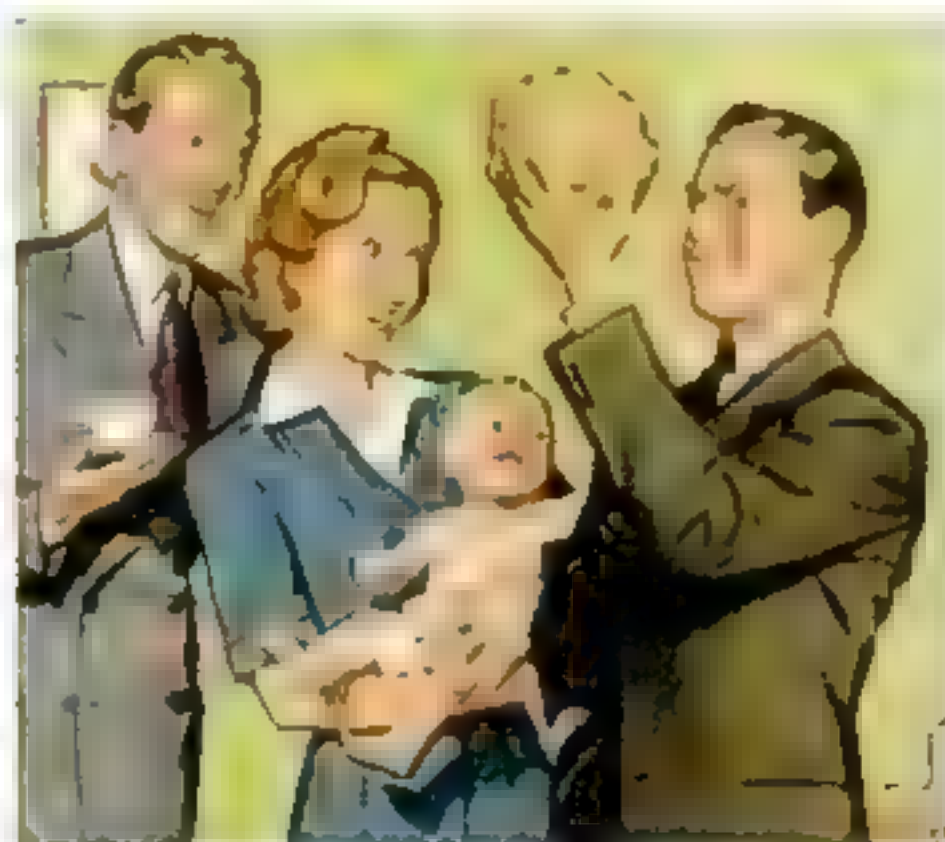
BILL GOODWIN: Let's see now—a baby, a sponge, a cup and saucer, and a nightgown. I get it! You're a hungry, unwashed baby who's sleepy!

GRACIE: No, no, silly! I'm a cake of Swan Soap!



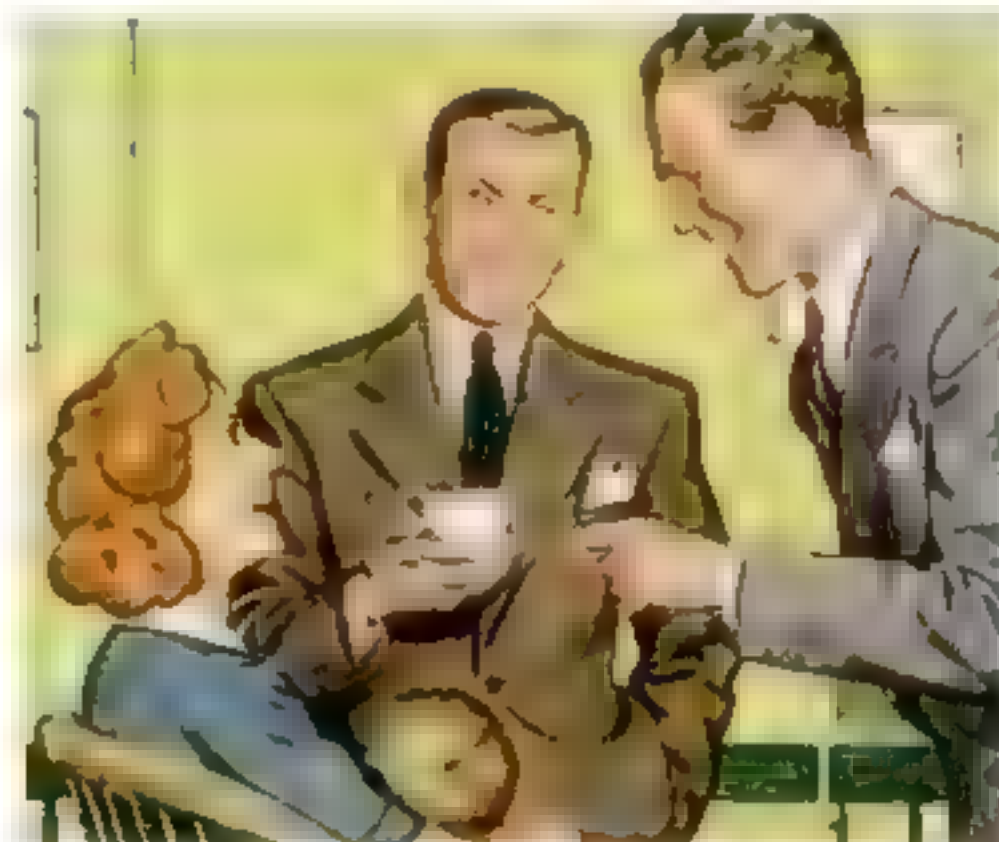
GEORGE: But, Gracie—

BILL GOODWIN: Hold on, George. Here is the baby—and we know Swan's a super-duper soap for the little pride and joys. We know Swan's pure as fine castles. And—mild as a May breeze.



GEORGE: Okay! Okay-a-ay! But this sponge. Well, now!

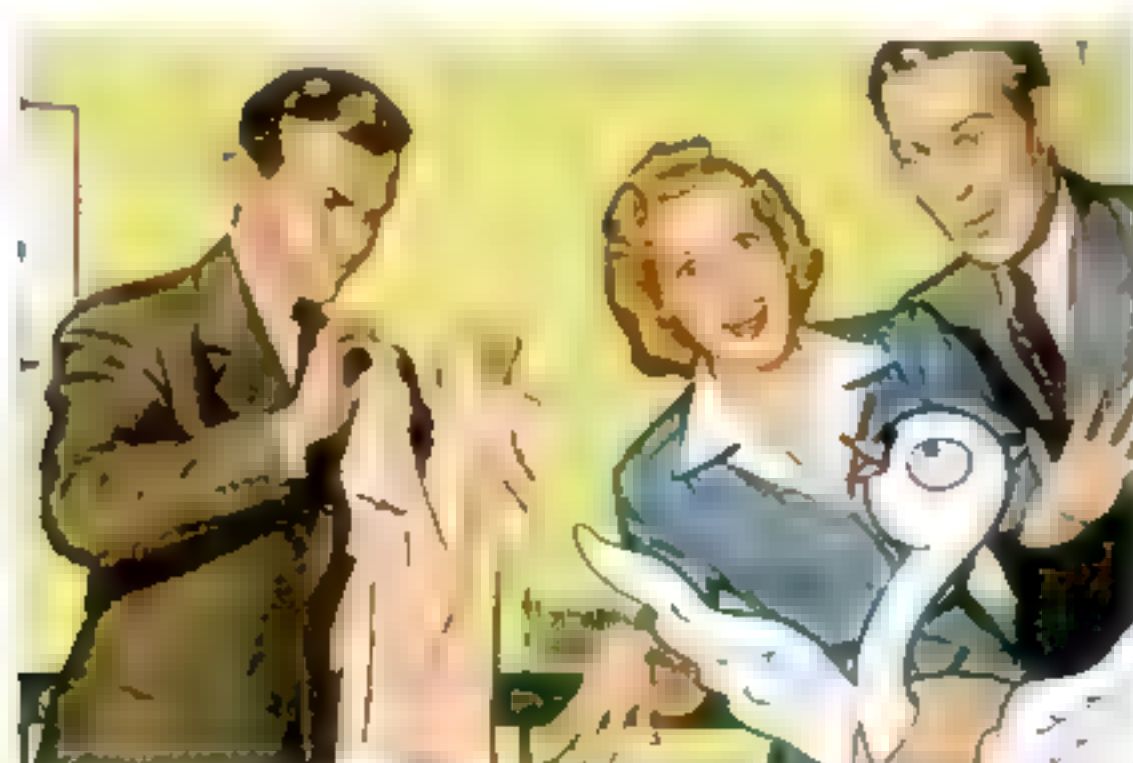
GRACIE: Bath, dear. B-a-t-h. Everyone knows Swan's terrific in the tub. Gets all lathered up even quicker than you do, George—even in hard water.



GEORGE: And that cup and saucer? Or shouldn't I ask?

BILL GOODWIN: Dishes, Georgie, dishes!

GRACIE: Sure! Swan's a whiz for dishes! Whips up creamy baby-gentle suds quicker than you can say "Swanderful!" And does it keep your hands nice!



GEORGE: Well, now I'm swandering—er—wondering—what's this nifty nightgown got to do with it?

GRACIE: Oh, I'm much too modest to talk about that! That's why Swanny's here. Come on down, Swanny.

SWAN: Swan's swell—elegant for light laundry—helps duds last!

GRACIE: Get it, boys? I'm four swell soaps in one! Swan!



FOR BABY, BATH, DISHES, DUDS

SWAN

4 SWELL SOAPS IN ONE

"When summer ends—
then we begin!
A Swanderful new show!
Tune in!"



GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN,
CBS, Tuesday Nights

TUNE IN! "Bright Horizon," CBS Mon. thru Fri.



MARSHAL TITO TELEPHONES AT THE ENTRANCE OF HIS HEADQUARTERS CAVE. THE POLICE DOG IS TIGAR (TIGER) WHO WAS CAPTURED A YEAR AGO FROM A GERMAN COLONEL

MARSHAL TITO

The Partisan leader of Yugoslavia gives LIFE photographer a full day in his mountain-cave headquarters

Somewhere in Yugoslavia, at a secret mountain headquarters, is the great Croat Communist, leader of the Partisan guerrilla armies of some 230,000 men and women: Josip Broz, called Tito. On July 12 LIFE Photographer John Phillips reached his hide-out with a request to take pictures. Tito responded, "I will not pose for pictures. They are never good that way. But come tomorrow morning, spend the whole day with me and shoot what you want."

Tito's day begins at 7 when the dog Tigar enters his bedroom and licks his face until he gets up. Tito is especially proud of Tigar because since his capture

from the Germans the dog has learned to obey orders in Serbo-Croatian. Though Tito's mountain stronghold is liable to German attack at any time, life in the cave has its compensations. After a hard day's work Tito sat down to a fat steak dinner, eating heartily but not taking seconds. He took a glass of *zdravko* (fruit alcohol) beforehand and several glasses of wine with his meal.

Tito now holds about one-third of Yugoslavia. Lately his relations with King Peter's government-in-exile have improved, but his relations with sulking Serb Leader Mihailovich have, if anything, worsened.



Tito's desk, covered with a U. S. Army blanket, is also used for meals. Map of Yugoslavia is hung against the cave's sand-bagged wall. Magnifying glass to read the map lies in the fore-

ground beside Tito's portfolio file. Wreath on sleeves is insignia of a Partisan marshal, does not exist in Yugoslav regular army. Tito writes with double-ended blue and red pencil.



Tito's secretary, Olga Natchich, daughter of King Peter's aide Tito foreign minister from 1941 to 1943, takes dictation from him at forward of the cave. At right is a pair of binoculars.



After dinner Tito (right) starts a chess game with his able chief of staff Arsa Yovanovich, who wears two stars of Yugoslav general of division. Yovanovich has attacked. His two knights (horse heads) are both in advanced positions. Tito holds back, except for one advanced bishop.



As the game progresses Tito fights defensively and imperturbably holds his main forces in reserve. Each has taken a bishop of the other. Yovanovich's knights are still attacking vigorously. Several weeks before Yovanovich had led a daring column through the German lines.



which were sent to Marshal Tito by Russia's great Marshal Koenig for his birthday (May 25). They are extremely battered now. At the far left is the chess set which is put to use below.



Map of Mediterranean, made in Italy, is studied by Tito who smokes cigarettes in a pipe-shaped holder. His heavy uniform comes from Russia and he sometimes wears a Russian officer's cap taken from a dead German. German map at the right shows eastern Europe. Tito seems to be looking at the Atlantic which separates his forces from the Allied armies in Italy.



Tito grins at his chief of staff and prepares for the kill. During dinner that night Tito's whole staff had glibbed at him about his prospects of losing the game. But here his strong pieces are still in reserve (from the left, in back row) the black queen, king, bishop, knight and the rook.



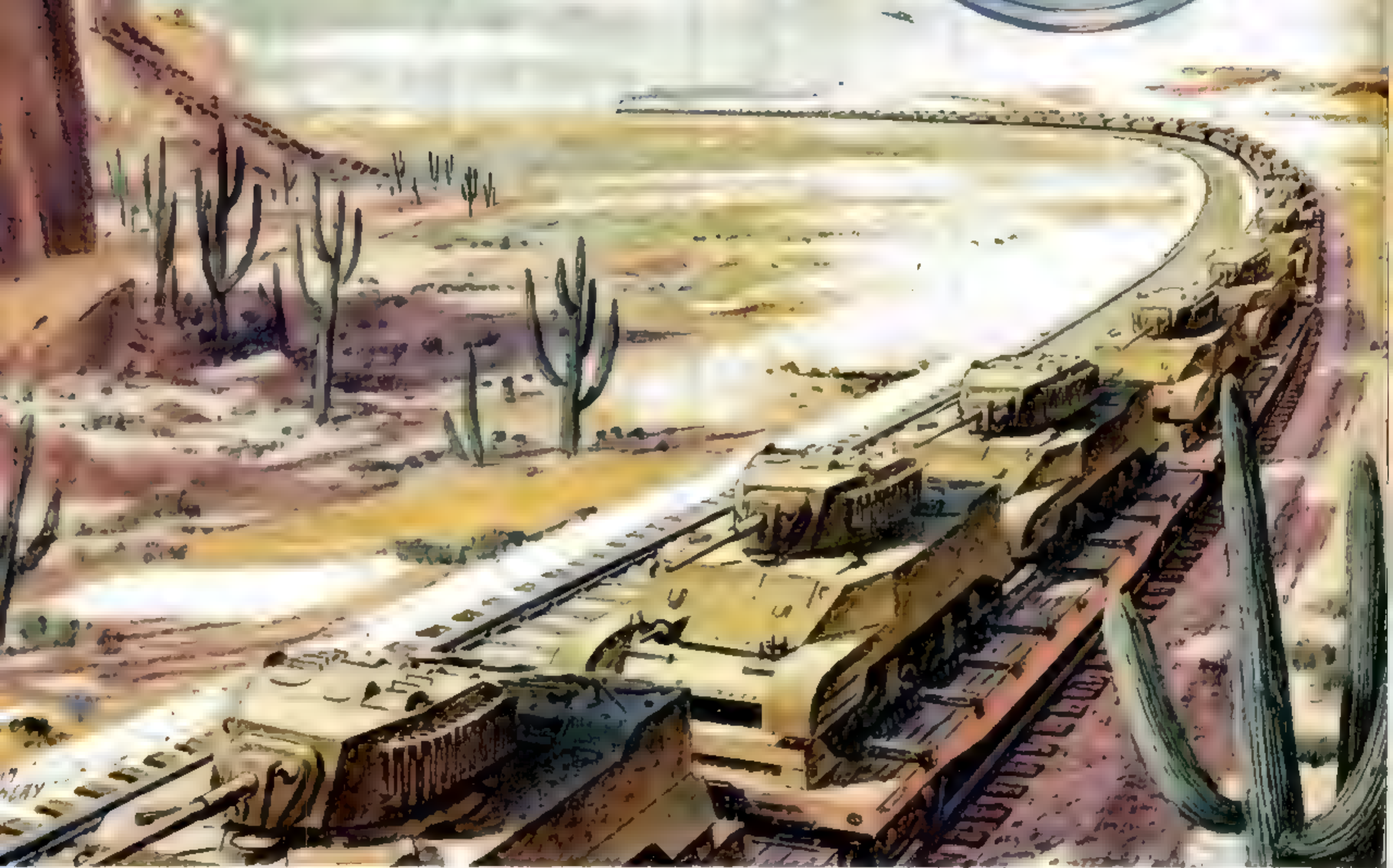
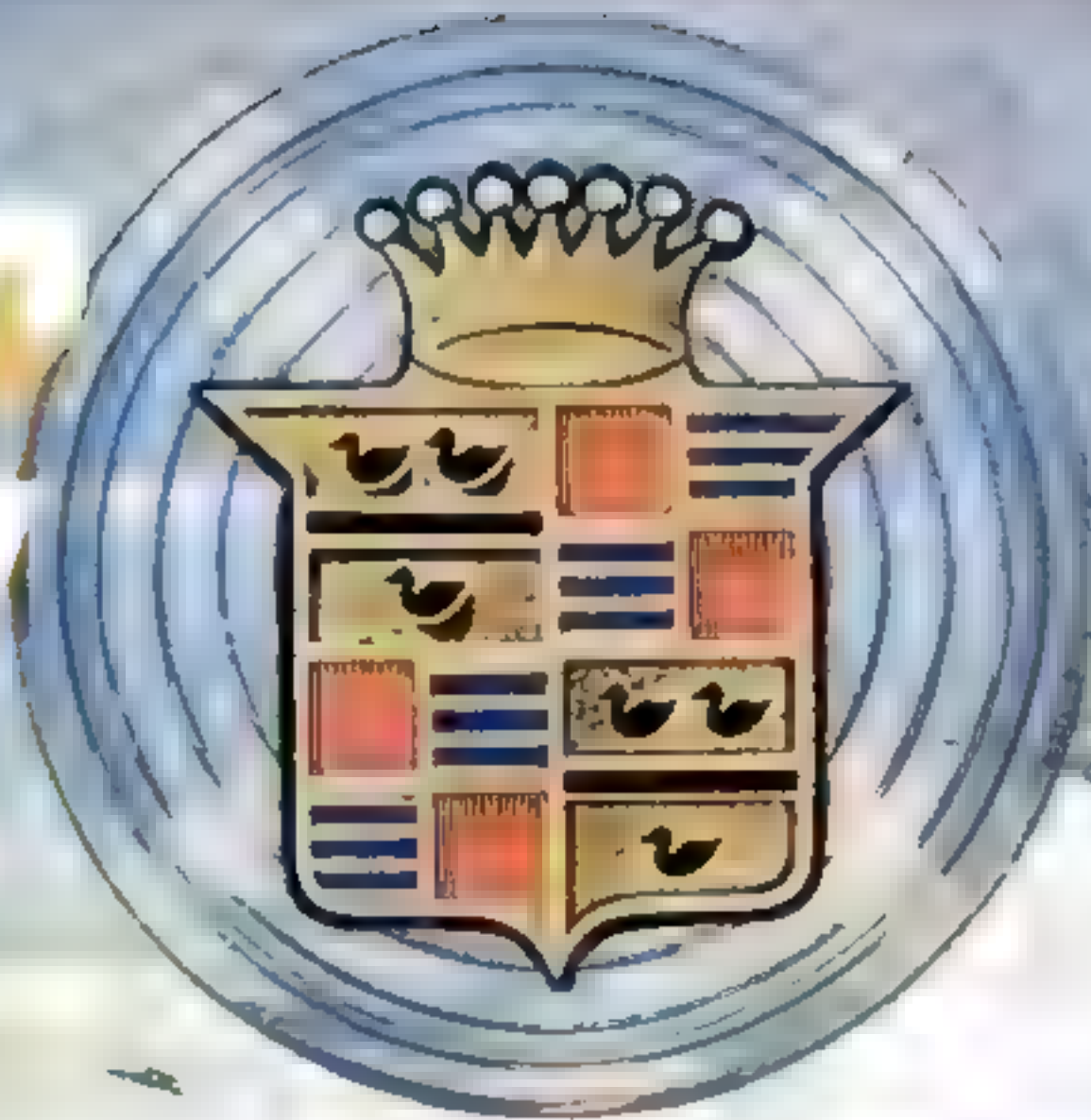
"Why go on?" asks Tito. He is obviously far stronger on the board now than his opponent who has only a king and four pawns left. Tito still has his king, knight, rook and four pawns in action. The Marshal's chess game is conservative, unlike his military tactics which are often daring.



The "pokret" (movement) is the basic tactic of Partisans and on the long *pokret* marches Marshal Tito (foreground) always carries this long staff. His speed afoot is such that one tired Partisan once said that he wished somebody would give Tito a horse so that the marching pace could be slowed down. Behind Tito are his Chief of Staff Yovanovich and *Time* and *LIFE* Correspondent Stoyan Ibrichevich, himself a Serb, who was recently cap-

tured by German parachutists but escaped. Tito is on his way to swim in a nearby lake where he plays in the water with his dog. Though he is called *Stari*, or the Old Man, he is as fit as a 20-year-old. His left arm has recovered from a wound received when Germans bombed his headquarters a year ago. He is meticulous about shaving every day. He speaks perfect German, Russian, Czech, Khirgisian, a little French and can understand English.

Cadillac



No Wonder the Japs are *Amazed!*

The Japanese leaders are reported to have made an open confession of their amazement at America's ability to arm herself. They could not comprehend the ability of a free country to convert its vast facilities to war production in so short a period of time.

A good example of what they couldn't foresee was the ease and the rapidity with which Army Ordnance, working in cooperation with Cadillac engineers, could adapt the Cadillac

V-type, eight-cylinder engine and Hydra-Matic transmission for use in high-speed tanks.

The Allison engine offers yet another example. This famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine was no secret to the enemy. But they did not realize the latent possibilities of putting its precision mechanism into mass production. It did not occur to them, for instance, that Cadillac—so long organized for painstaking production of peacetime quality prod-

ucts—could turn so quickly to *volume* output of so many of the Allison precision-made parts.

Cadillac is proud of the role it has been permitted to play in amazing the enemy. And we're helping with still further surprises for them, too—things that, for sound military reasons, cannot be mentioned at this writing.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS



From the great Western Ranges . . .



from America's countless rolling farms . . .

THE **C**ivilian meat supply in another

Under the most difficult circumstances, a dramatic record of accomplishment is being written by the men who produce America's meat.

A FEW simple figures are all you need, to realize what a real problem the meat industry—your dealer, the meat packing plant and the raiser—has on its hands this year.

During the first three months of 1944, meat was made available to you, our home front workers, in the largest quantity since 1908. *Over 5 billion pounds were consumed!*

This tremendous figure means that American civilians during the first quarter of the year ate meat at an annual rate of 158 pounds per person!

For the second quarter of the year, nearly 4½ billion pounds of meat were eaten by civilians—a total of over 9½ billion pounds for the first six months. And at this

rate of consumption, 1944 will see more meat consumed by U. S. civilians than in any year since 1924!

Prime credit for bringing this gigantic quantity of meat to market must go to the American meat raiser—the farmers and stockmen who brought in the greatest run of meat in history. For remember, meat takes time to grow and nothing short of magic can speed up the process.

Credit must also go to all Americans who patriotically shared their meat, who ate less whenever Uncle Sam needed great quantities for his fighting men and fighting allies, who uncomplainingly played fair and cooperated to make rationing successful and easy.

Railroads, truckers, your meat dealer, everyone in the meat business contributed importantly to this historic accomplishment. And they're determined to continue to do so. *Meat will be forthcoming*, perhaps not in the quantities you would like, nor will the top quality cuts still be anything but scarce. But this vital matériel of war will continue to flow—to our fighters and home front workers who must have meat proteins for the strength, vitality and stamina to win!

MEAT



**is matériel
of War!**

Swift pledges that these famous products will continue to be the finest of their kind



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON



SWIFT'S BRANDED VEAL



SWIFT'S BRANDED BEEF



PREM—SUGAR-CURED



Meat must be transported, processed, graded . . .



then divided between Uncle Sam and you . . .

year of war v v v



. . . and shipped in huge quantities overseas . . .



to our fighting men and fighting allies.

Swift & Company is pardonably proud of its part in this achievement. With more than 19,000 co-workers in the armed services, increased burdens have been shared and shared willingly by all. Every effort has been made to hold high the standard of the meats bearing the top quality Swift brands. While many of these meats are difficult to obtain, we are making every effort to distribute the supply equitably. And when you can obtain them you may be sure, as always, that they are the finest of their kind . . .

SWIFT'S WARTIME POLICY—We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U. S. Government to help win the war. We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties, we will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure a fair share for all consumers everywhere.

Swift & Company

FOOD PURVEYOR TO THE U.S.A.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM TENDER FRANKFURTS



SWIFT'S PREMIUM TABLE-READY MEATS

24 HOUR STRETCH

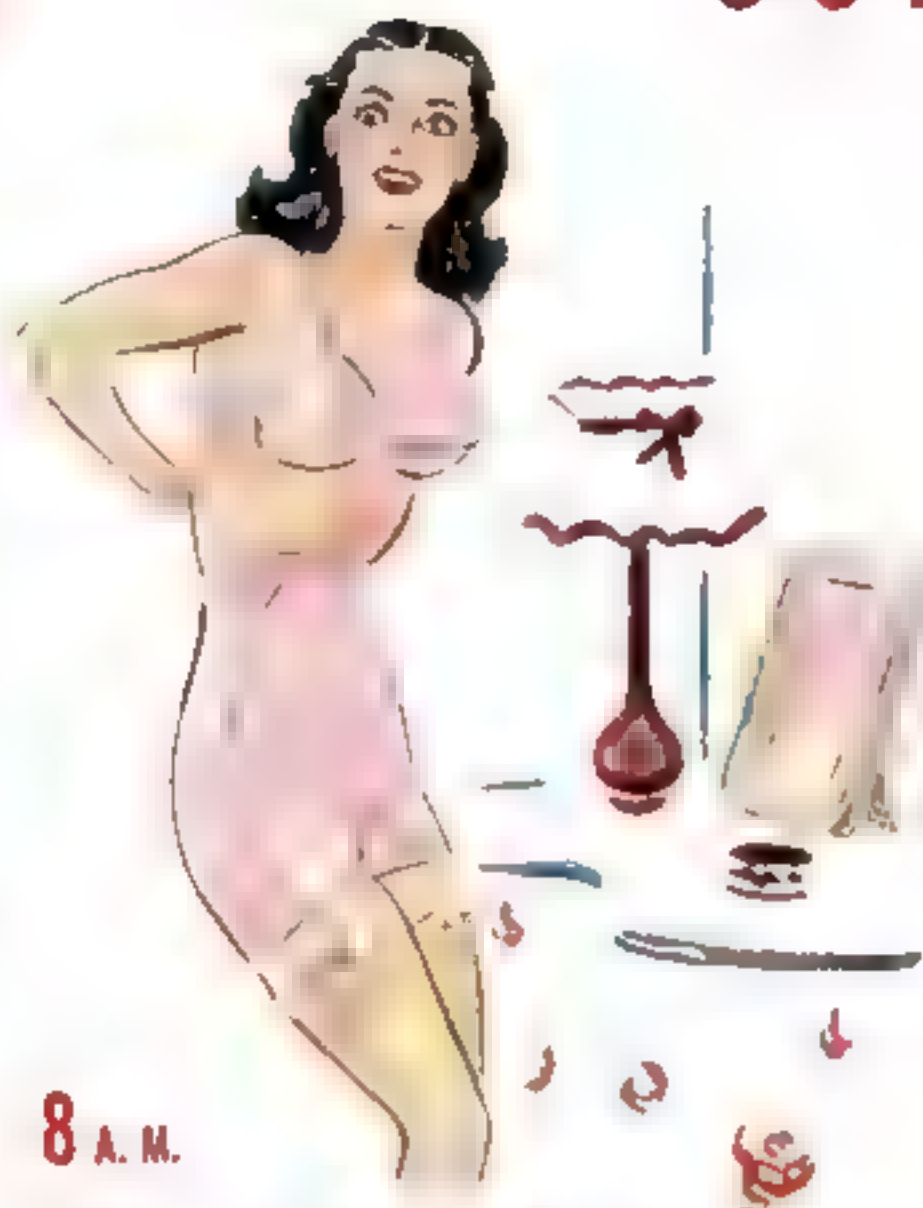
with **CONTRO***

...the elastic yarn that gives you greater freedom and better fit



7 A.M.

"Suit yourself," they said when I asked about pre-breakfast swimming. So I grabbed the suit that suits me—my gay little Contro elasticized number.



8 A.M.

As usual—in very fine form with my slick little girdle and bra that mold me into the beautiful woman I'm really not. They're Contro elasticized, of course.



2 P.M.

What's a girl to do if she's got two hands to make a forehead drive? My socks are held up by Contro, and so are my bright white sharkskin shorts.



4 P.M.

"If the shoe fits, wear it," my mother always says. I guess she didn't know that every shoe that's made with Contro fits. So I have to wear all these!



10 P.M.

Off to a bit of dancing in my Contro mid-rifed gown. The boys hold their breath when they look at me. Contro holds me nicely, but not my breath.

Sorry, lady, if there's little Contro for you today! You see, Contro's made by Firestone, whose 48 factories are working day and night for Victory.

But more Contro's coming—a finer Contro than even the Contro you knew before, thanks to valuable new lessons learned in wartime production. A wonderful elastic yarn that combines caressing firmness with greater freedom—that will make everything you wear fit better.

You'll want many things made with Contro, along with dozens of other Firestone products perfected to make your life easier, happier, safer, at little cost.

So put your money, all you can spare, into War Bonds now and keep them. Then you'll be ready for Contro when Contro is ready for you.



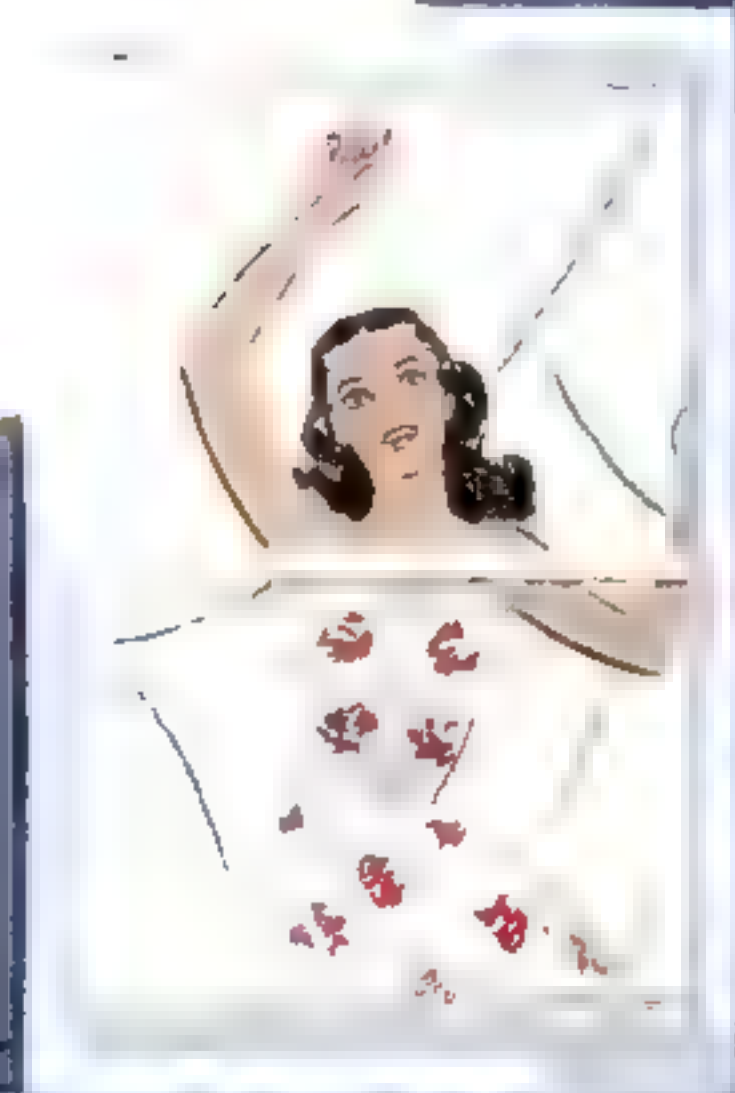
For the best in music listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday Evenings over the entire NBC Coast to Coast Network.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION TO A BETTER WAY OF LIFE by

Firestone

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1 A.M.
Mary, Mary, quite Contro-ary, off to bed you go. I'm in pretty good shape at the end of the day, thanks to the Contro woven in at my waist. Goodnight!





Unexpected episode in the exciting life of Dick Tracy has been created by Gould for LIFE. The great detective faces his most famous recent villains. (front, l. to r.) The Brow, The Mole, Prun-

face, Flattop, Mrs. Pruneface, Littleface, Mama and The Midget, (rear) B-B Eyes (with cigar), faceless Redrum and 88 Key. Gould (lower right) stands by to erase them if they prove too much for Tracy

CHESTER GOULD THE HARROWING ADVENTURES OF HIS CARTOON HERO, DICK TRACY, GIVE VICARIOUS THRILLS TO MILLIONS

by JOHN BAINBRIDGE

Comic strips, so lightly regarded by the nation's thinkers, comprise the most significant body of literature in America today. This judgment might be challenged by a few intellectuals who wouldn't know Pruneface from Adam, but it is easily demonstrable. More Americans read comic strips than perhaps any other form of the printed word. A *Fortune* poll revealed that 51% of the men and women in this country have a favorite comic strip character. "Comic strips," according to a recent analysis of their influence, "are read with regularity by well over half of the country's adults and two-thirds of the children over six, a public of approximately 65,000,000 people. Four out of five persons who buy newspapers read comic strips, and it is a truism in newspaper publishing circles that, next to the news itself, the funnies sell the

papers." Only one daily metropolitan newspaper in the U. S., the *New York Times*, manages to exist without comic strips. Such findings have disturbed numerous psychologists and educators, who interpret the devotion of Americans to comics as an indication of "cultural and intellectual infantilism." Less solemn observers regard this view as somewhat parochial. Heywood Brown once pointed out that comic strips, in reality, constitute the proletarian novels of America.

By this definition Chester Gould, creator of the strip called *Dick Tracy*, must rank as one of the great writers of our time. He is formidably prolific, his characters have already passed into our folklore, and he has a following far larger than any author whose books are featured on the best-seller lists. In recent months a con-

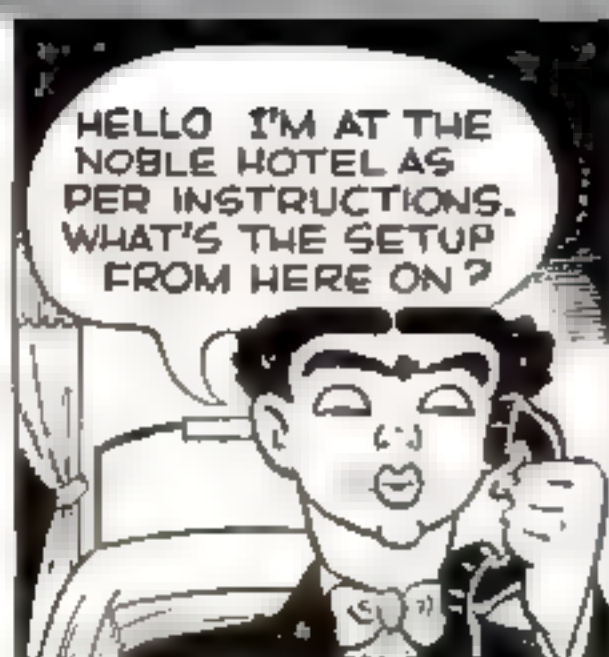
sistent best-seller among fiction titles has been the novel, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. It has sold over 900,000 copies and been read, at a generous estimate, by 4,000,000 people. *Dick Tracy* is bought every day in the year by 13,500,000 people and is probably read by twice that number. Literary critics were ecstatic about the Brooklyn book, finding it, as one said, "profoundly moving." Although no literary critic, even in Brooklyn, has ever admitted being much stirred by *Dick Tracy*, a few million other perceptive people apparently have.

Recently, for example, a *Tracy* character called Flattop died. As a large share of the population knows, Flattop was a dapper, dim-witted but appealing little killer who finally met his death by drowning. Having no relatives, he was buried in potter's field. The day before Flattop was



IT'S THAT WAR HERO! GOOD LUCK, BOY!
BUD, WHICH WAY TO THE NOBLE HOTEL?

Flattop, an Oklahoma g man, is imported by the local mob to kill Tracy.



HELLO I'M AT THE NOBLE HOTEL AS PER INSTRUCTIONS. WHAT'S THE SETUP FROM HERE ON?

At his hotel, Flattop calls employers to learn details of the victim.



WHAT IF IT IS CHRISTMAS? I WANT TO GET THIS JOB DONE AND OVER WITH.

OKAY, HERE'S THE MONEY

The deal is closed. Flattop kidnaps Tracy and spurs him away to home.



YES- YOU SEE, DETECTIVE, I DECIDED NOT TO KILL YOU FOR A PALTRY FIVE THOUSAND I JUST PHONED THE BIG SHOTS TO RAISE THE ANTE TO FIFTY

He holds Tracy prisoner while he gets mob to raise the price.



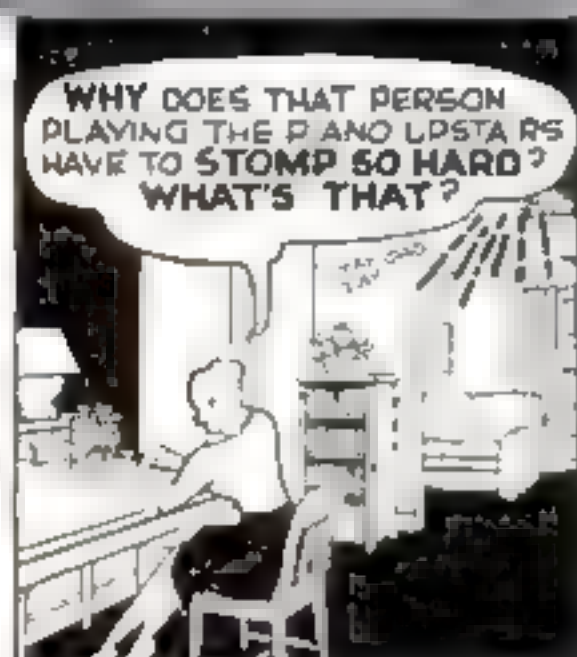
GOSH, YOU'RE A CUTE KID. MAYBE WE COULD GO OUT TO DINNER ONE OF THESE NIGHTS, 'UM?
I'M AFRAID NOT, MR. JONES. YOU SEE, I'M VERY BUSY

During a bus ride, meantime, he tries to pick up a pretty girl.



BUT SHE'S A CUTE KID
WHO CARES? WHAT WE WANT IS TO GET THIS JOB OVER WITH AND GET OUR MONEY

Killing is delayed while the station Flattop puts girl in car.



WHY DOES THAT PERSON PLAYING THE PIANO UPSTAIRS HAVE TO STOMP SO HARD? WHAT'S THAT?

In her apartment on the floor below, she hears Flattop's gun tapped out.



DICK TRACY - CALLING - POLICE. CONTACT HEADQUARTERS - WASTE

I'VE GOT IT

Girl understands. She is learning telegrams before joining the WACs.



ER- PARDON ME MY NAME'S MARGIE FLONG I-ER-ARE YOU LOOKING FOR MR. TRACY?

ARE WE LOOKING FOR HIM?

At the police station the girl tells her story to Tracy's worried friends.



OKAY TO YOUR STATIONS, BOYS
WALK OVER HERE, DETECTIVE YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE OUR LAST WORDS

In meantime Flattop is preparing to polish off the great detective.



-THREE! YOU DIRTY DOGS! CRASH!

But Tracy lunges desperately and struggles to get the gun.



In the nick of time, our police arrive but Flattop makes his escape.



WELL? LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN A BUSY LITTLE BEE
YEAH? WHERE'S FLATTOP?

Pal Patton, Dick Tracy's best friend, his detective is injured.



NO DOORS ARE AJAR I'LL HAVE TO TRY THE KNOBS AND JUST SAY I MADE A MISTAKE IF THE ROOM'S OCCUPIED

To elude police, Flattop ducks into an open door of room in same hotel.

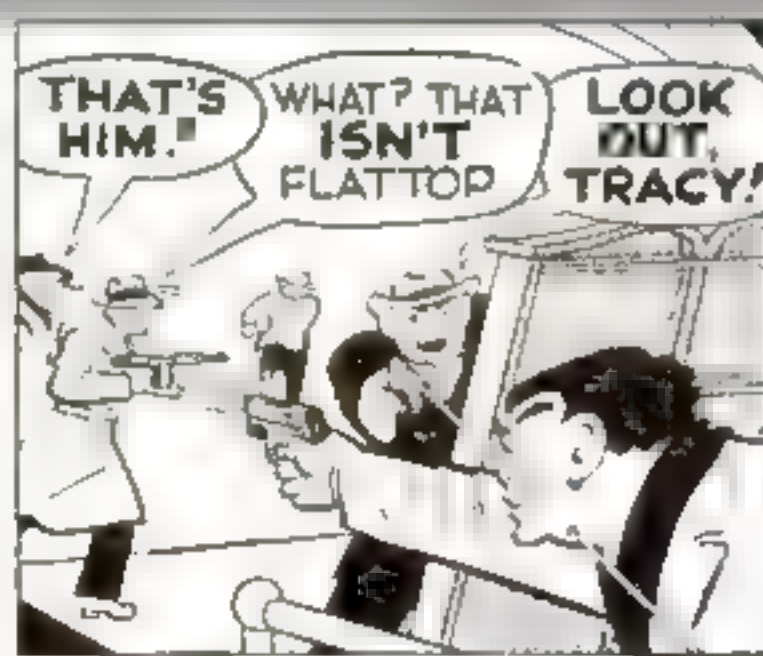


ALL RIGHT, MY GOOD FELLOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

His occupant is a tall, thinheart, an actor who is a famous ham actor.

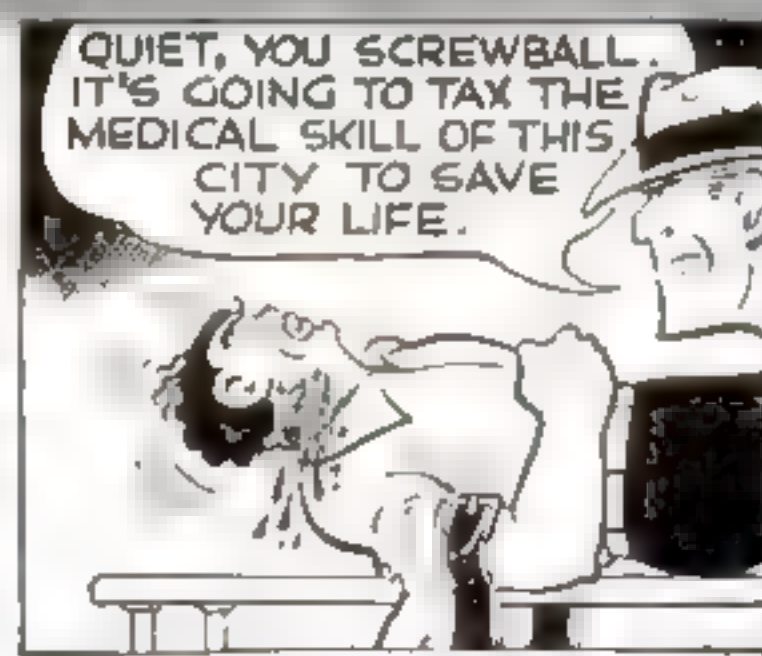


Flattop spies make-up kit, overpowers Actor Flintheart, disguises himself as old man.



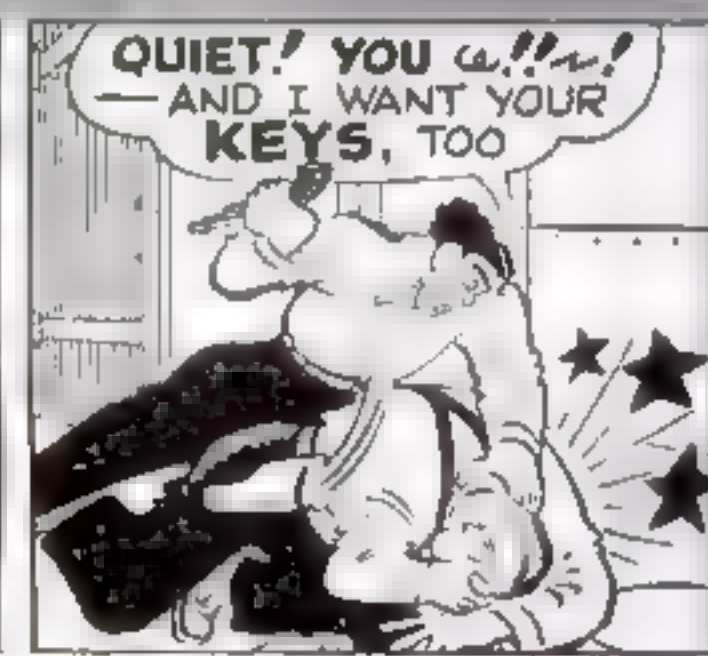
THAT'S HIM!
WHAT? THAT ISN'T FLATTOP
LOOK OUT, TRACY!

Police trace him to a movie. His disguise having failed, he comes out shooting, is wounded.



QUIET, YOU SCREWBALL. IT'S GOING TO TAX THE MEDICAL SKILL OF THIS CITY TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.

The life of Flattop is saved in order that the law may take its course and he is put in jail.



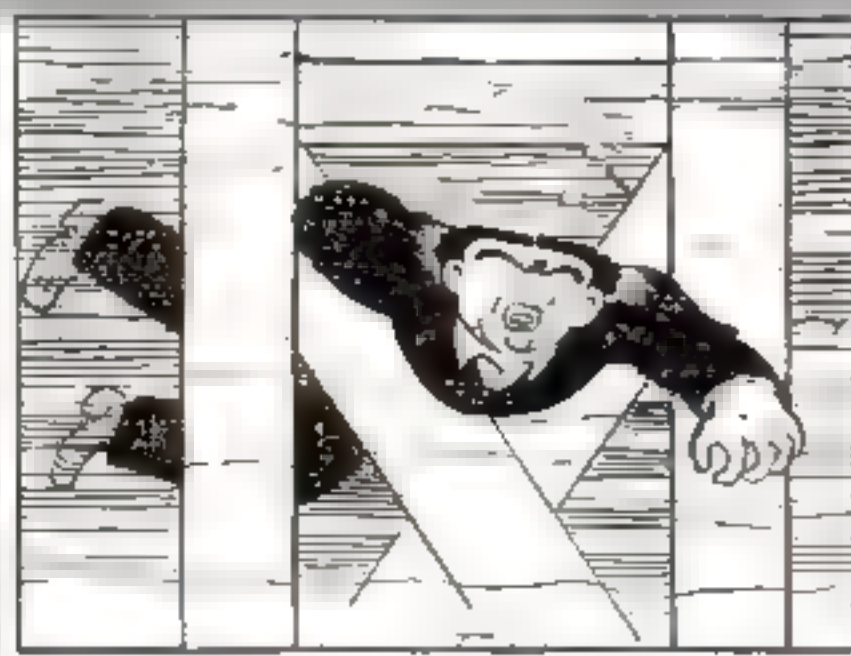
QUIET! YOU WIMP! -AND I WANT YOUR KEYS, TOO

He tricks guard, gets the keys and is on the loose again. Dick Tracy pursues him.

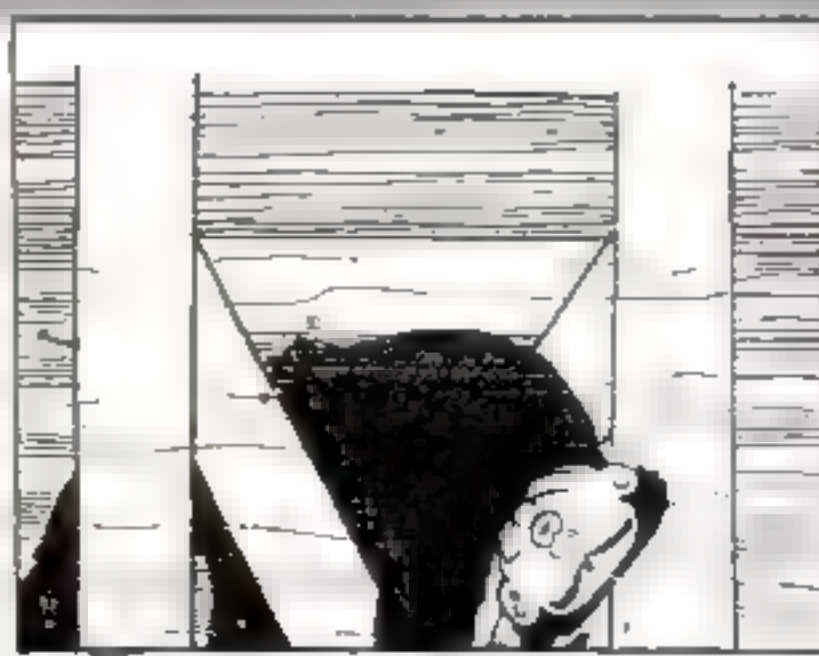


AHA! HERE IT IS! I KNEW THERE WAS A DOOR NEAR THE WATER LINE

Flattop and Flintheart, an innocent victim, find refuge in old galleon.



Ship is exhibit in park lagoon. When Tracy finally tracks him down, he tries escape under water.



Infamous Flattop meets his end gruesomely drowning under the ship. Many readers were saddened.



With no relatives claiming body, Flattop has lonesome burial in potter's field.

CHESTER GOULD (continued)

laid to rest, Gould received half a dozen telegrams from people who offered to claim the body. "PLEASE EXPRESS FLATTOP'S BODY COLLECT TO ME AS BEST FRIEND," wired a man from Beaumont, Texas. The day of the funeral, several floral offerings and a stack of sympathy cards arrived at the office of the syndicate which distributes the strip. That night a crowd of bereaved citizens gathered in a bar and grill in Middletown, Conn. and held a wake, complete with a coffin and candles, for Flattop. Many people have since written Gould touching letters, expressing their deep sense of personal loss. "Two weeks ago my girl left me and married a sailor," an Army private wrote. "I just about got over that, and then Flattop died. That upset me more than losing my girl." A woman living on the West Coast asked the ageless question, "Why did he have to die?" and added sadly, "All America loved Flattop."

Despite such tributes to his power as a writer, Gould has never considered himself an important figure in the world of letters. This is mainly because Gould, like Dick Tracy himself, is an exceptionally modest man. Gould shares a few other traits with Tracy. Both are honest, energetic, unaffected, persevering, methodical and efficient. Despite these resemblances, Gould flatly rejects the theory, often advanced by his admirers, that he created Dick Tracy in his own image. From an anatomical standpoint, the evidence is clearly on Gould's side. Tracy, the master detective and nemesis of outlaws, is a muscular six-footer with a granite jaw and an impressive chiseled nose. He is, furthermore, a man with a fairly rugged constitution. In the past 13 years Tracy has suffered a total of 27 injuries, including a concussion, a dislocation of the hip and a compound fracture of the leg; he has also cracked seven ribs, had his shooting hand mangled, frozen his face and hands and been hit on the head with a suitcase full of bricks dropped from the top of a high building. Stripped, Tracy might look a little scuffed up, but with his clothes on he shows no signs of the strenuous life he has led.

Gould and Tracy have little in common

"Compared with old Dick," Gould remarked recently to a friend, "I'm just a big fat slob." That is not true. The truth is that Gould is simply built along more comfortable, and plausible, lines. He is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 200 pounds. He describes his stomach as "corporation type," his hair is silvery, his cheeks are pink, and in repose his face has the look of a middle-aged cherub. He is 43, eight years older than Tracy. Unlike the strong, silent detective who doesn't drink, smoke or gamble, Gould is an affable, well-adjusted man who drinks bourbon neat, smokes nine good cigars a day and plays poker whenever he gets a chance. Usually he gets a chance about three times a week. Gould is married and has a daughter 17, Tracy is still a bachelor, though he has been engaged on and off for 12 years and 10 months to Tess Truheart, probably the world's most patient blonde.

Gould lives and does much of his work on a 130-acre farm near Woodstock, Ill., which is 65 miles northwest of Chicago. He is respected among his colleagues as the most methodical craftsman in the business. During the 13 years he has been drawing *Dick Tracy*, he has never once missed his deadline. This record is remarkable in a profession whose members are noted for their dilatory habits. Like most other comic-strip artists, Gould works 10 weeks in advance on his Sunday page and four weeks ahead on the daily strips. In contrast to the majority of his colleagues, Gould works on a precise schedule, putting in an eight-hour day, five days a week, and holding himself to an exacting routine.

For Gould, Monday is the crucial day of the week. That is the day he writes the dialog for an entire Sunday page and a set of six daily strips. Gould assays this operation, roughly equivalent to turning out a chapter of a novel, as 60% of his work; the drawing is the other 40%. The job never intimidates Gould. On Monday morning he bounces into his studio, a cluttered room on the 14th floor of the Tribune Tower in downtown Chicago, at 8:15. His assistant, a capable young artist named Jack Ryan, has arrived before him. After lighting a cigar, removing his coat, loosening his tie, unbuttoning his shirt, unbuckling his belt, dropping his garters and untying his shoelaces, Gould shuffles over to his drawing board on which Ryan has placed a piece of clean white Bristol board ruled into rectangles. This will become the Sunday page that readers will see 10 weeks hence. "Damn it to hell, I think old Dick's going to get into a mess of trouble today," Gould is apt to say cheerfully as he picks up a pencil and starts to work. His first step is to write, in longhand, all of the dialog for the Sunday page. By lunchtime he has finished and hands the page to Ryan, who letters the dialog in ink. Gould next

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Do your drinks pass this hearing test?



TRY A DRINK BY EAR. Those mixed with Canada Dry Water sing with liveliness and zest. Sparkle lasts all the way to the bottom sip.

That's because Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" produces millions of tinier bubbles... persistent bubbles that keep sparkle alive, sparkle that even melting ice can't stop.

Today, liquor is precious... too precious to mix with ordinary club sodas. For fullest enjoyment, use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink.

P.S. If you prefer a mixer with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry... "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."



CANADA DRY WATER

World's Most Popular Club Soda... Keeps Drinks Livelier, Longer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



**OLD
CROW**



A Truly Great Name
AMONG
AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery, sketched above, is devoted to the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

CHESTER GOULD (continued)

writes dialog for the six daily strips, completing them in time to catch a quick drink and the 5:30 train home. On the train he usually joins a group of his friends and neighbors in a fast game of seven-card stud.

With the creative chore out of the way, Gould spends the rest of his work week at the rather tedious and mechanical job of drawing. Gould has no illusions about his position in the world of art. "I have never been a good artist," he says flatly. "Drawing has always been an uphill fight. What I try to do is make the drawings as simple and clear as a blueprint." Working in his downtown studio, Gould devotes Tuesday to sketching in pencil and then finishing in ink, the characters in the Sunday page. Having drawn Tracy approximately 23,000 times, Gould can turn out a sketch of the master detective in less than a minute. After drawing the other characters, Gould hands the page back to Ryan who completes it by filling in background objects such as lampposts and buildings and inking in solid black spaces. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Gould works at home, drawing the daily strips. Over the weekend he putters around the farm, relaxes and worries about plot. Monday he's back in town, starting the cycle all over again. Gould hasn't had a vacation in a dozen years and he doesn't expect to have one for a dozen more. "When you get into this business," he once remarked sadly, "you're sentenced for life."

He was a nonentity for 10 years

Nobody, however, needs to waste much sympathy on Gould. His case history, like that of most other lifers in the comic-strip business, shows that he deliberately brought his present plight upon himself. Born of Scottish-English and German parents in Pawnee, Okla. where his father was a printer on the local paper, Chester started on the wayward path toward cartooning in his childhood. He committed his first major offense at the age of 15 when he signed up for a correspondence course with the W. L. Evans School of Cartooning—20 lessons for \$20. The year Gould graduated from high school his father moved to Stillwater, Okla. where he took charge of the printing plant at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College. Gould spent two years at A & M, working summer vacations as a newspaper cartoonist. In the fall of 1921, with \$50 in his pocket, he entrained for Chicago. "I decided it was time to shake some of the hayseeds out of my hair," he has explained. He enrolled at Northwestern University night school and graduated two years later.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



Chester Gould, unlike Dick Tracy, prefers the quiet of Woodstock to excitements of the city. Woodstock Grill has been immortalized in the comic strip as Jack's Grill.

"A motor oil has to be

Mighty good

to stay on top
for 40 years"



NOW, more than ever, your car needs quality lubrication. Be safe, be sure . . . use Havoline, the motor oil with a tradition of 40 years of refining experience behind it. Mileages of 80,000 and better are common with properly lubricated cars. See your Texaco Dealer every 60 days or every 1,000 miles, whichever comes sooner, to replace oil that may be

diluted or contaminated by today's wartime driving conditions. Refill with Insulated Havoline. Get these important extras in wartime driving: 1: A cleaner engine. 2: More power and "go". 3: More mileage per gallon of precious gas. 4: Easier starting. 5: Added battery life. 6: Longer time between overhauls. 7: Longer life for your car!

THE TEXAS COMPANY

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

TEXACO IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE TEXAS COMPANY. SEE YOUR DEALER FOR THE LATEST INFORMATION.



One of the most important
things you can do for your car

What's Your Kind of Music?



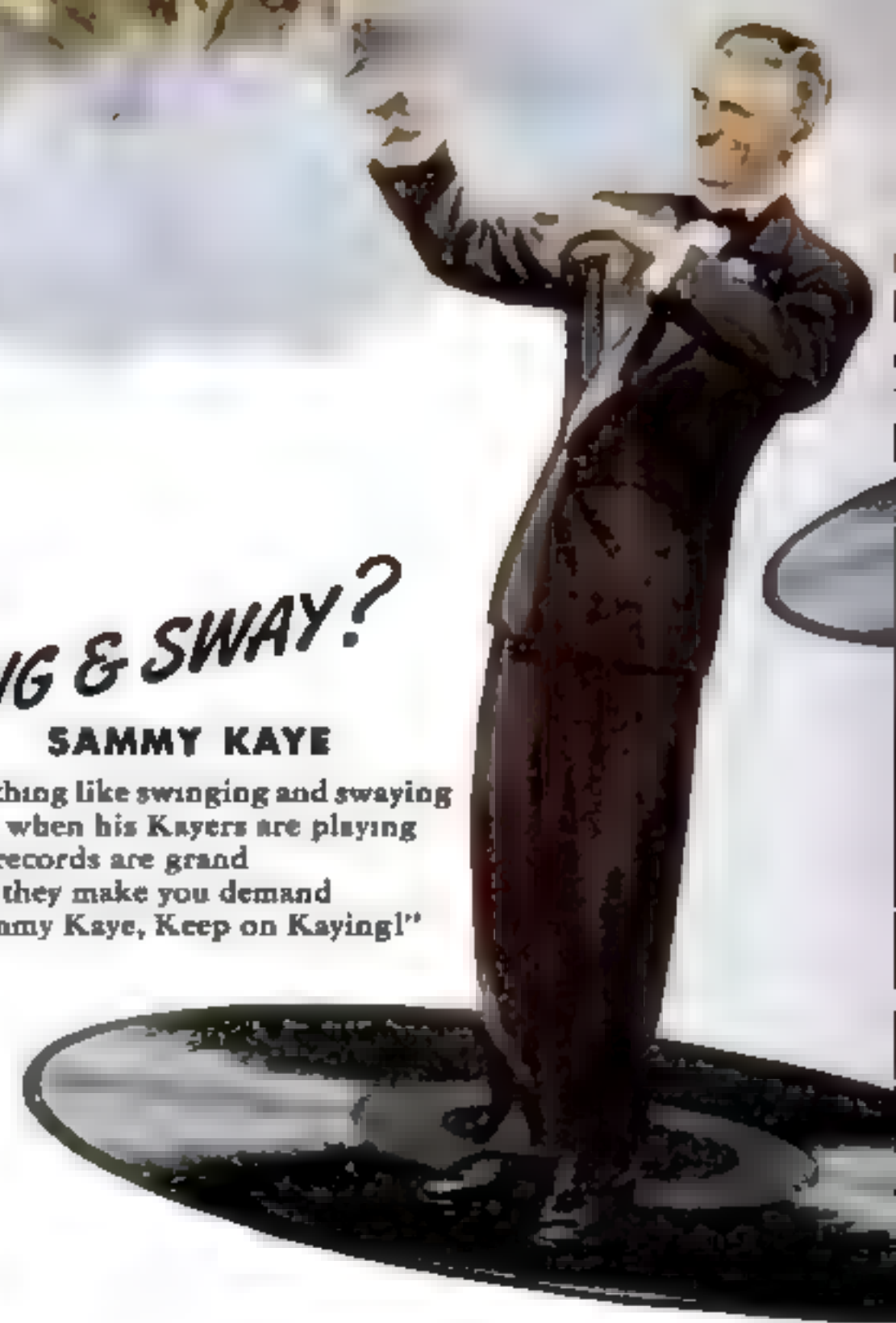
Who are the bands and singers you like the best? Chances are, you'll find them all on Victor and Bluebird Records...the world's most popular artists, ready with the music you like, *the way you like it!* If all your favorites aren't shown above, see if you don't find the rest of them here:

★ TOMMY DORSEY ★ SHEP FIELDS ★ ERSKINE HAWKINS ★
 EARL HINES ★ WAYNE KING ★ THE FOUR KING SISTERS
 ★ FREDDY MARTIN ★ GLENN MILLER ★ VAUGHN MONROE ★
 TONY PASTOR ★ ALVINO REY ★ DAVID ROSE ★ ARTIE SHAW
 ★ DINAH SHORE ★ DAVID STREET ★ MARTHA STEWART ★

SWING & SWAY?

SAMMY KAYE

There's nothing like swinging and swaying
 With Kaye when his Kayers are playing
 His records are grand
 And they make you demand
 "Okay, Sammy Kaye, Keep on Kaying!"





BLUE?

LENA HORNE

Miss Lena Horne's voice has a note
That brings your heart up in your throat,
And her blues, sultry, rich
Have a wizardry which
Makes you soar to a cloud bank and float.

ROMANTIC?

PERRY COMO

They dub Perry Como "romantic"
And women's hearts beat something frantic
As his voice, mellow, bland
Makes them sigh "Ain't he grand?
Ain't he simply immense and gigantic?"



HOT?

DUKE ELLINGTON

"The Duke" is what he is known as
Hot music is what the Duke has
Wherever men toot
On trumpet or flute
He is called The Genius of Jazz.



SWEET?

CHARLIE SPIVAK

This lad, Charlie Spivak, possesses
The World's Sweetest Trumpet, and stresses
The music that makes
Like frosting on cakes,
Or the honey-sweet breeze that caresses.



CORNY?

SPIKE JONES

Spike Jones and his Slickers grind corn
With Hiccophone, anvil and horn
But I'm telling you birds
His records (they're Bluebirds)
Won't let you get sad or forlorn!

SMOOTH?

HAL McINTYRE

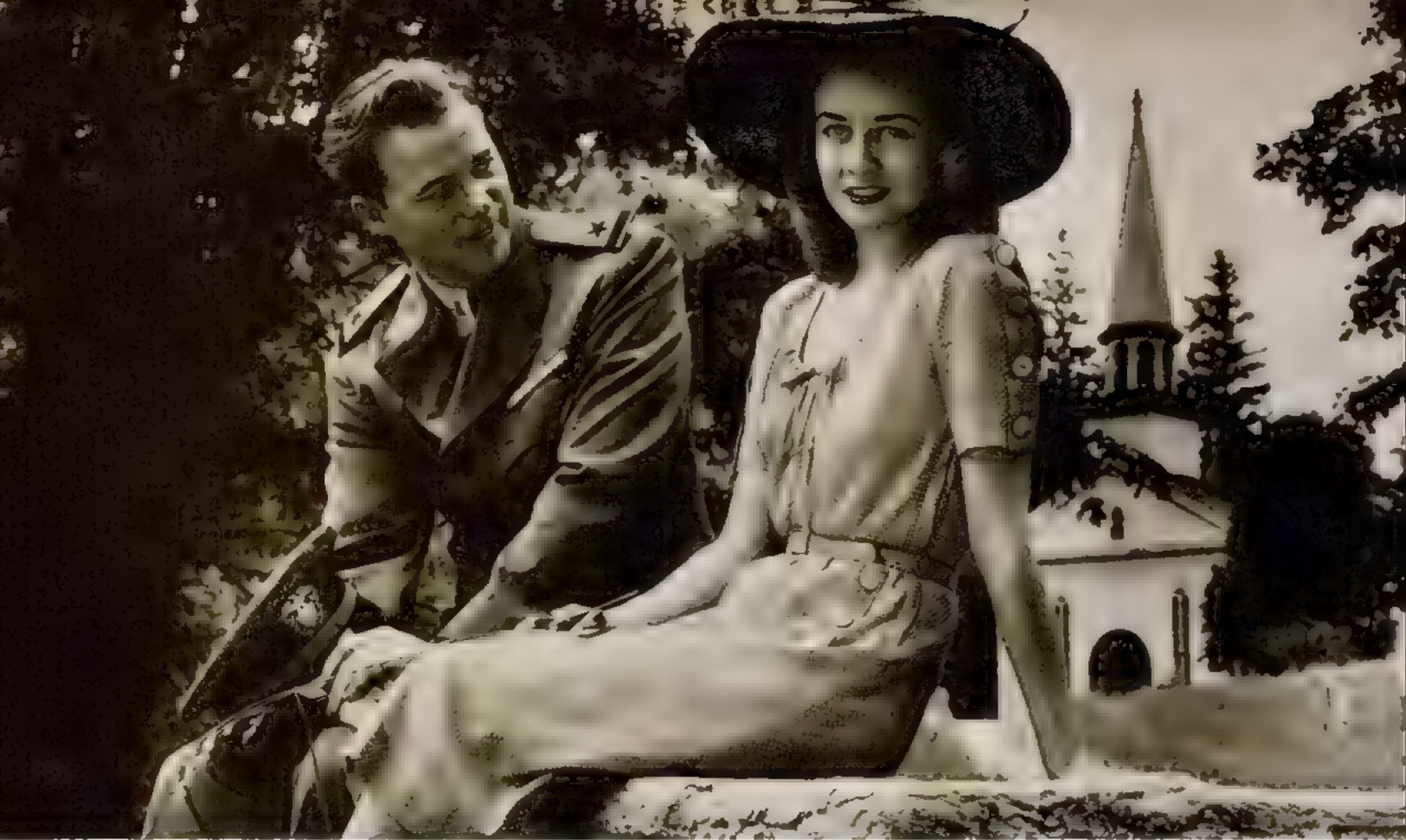
Hal McIntyre's sure ridin' high
His records for Victor show why
In the groove, on the beat,
Smooth and subtle and sweet
They would make old Methuselah spry.

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON
VICTOR and Bluebird Records



RCA Victor Division, Radio Corporation of America, Camden, N. J.





Who'd have dreamed I'd turn sentimental?

I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT of myself as the modern, practical type.

I'd said that when I got married, it would be in a colored suit at City Hall with no fuss and nonsense.

Most brides, I declared, thought entirely too much about the *trappings* that go with a wedding.

But when Larry asked me to marry him on his next leave, the strangest thing happened to me.

I got to thinking that maybe a frilly afternoon dress would look better than the suit. Or perhaps a very simple white wedding gown... to give Larry a picture he'd like to remember.

And since a wedding gown wouldn't go very well at City Hall, perhaps we could have just a few people at the little white church.

Right about then, I started feeling wonderful. I started really feeling like a bride.

I'd begun to realize just how much the traditions count for these days, when people like Larry and me have so little else.

When I went downtown to choose our International Sterling, I guess there were as many stars in my eyes as in any other bride's. There's something about sterling—particularly the finest sterling like International... that stands for all we want in the home we'll have some day... and that's true and real.

It didn't matter that I could find only a few pieces in the pattern I wanted. Time enough later on to buy the rest—but for now, it's good just to have a promise of what "later" is going to be like.

INTERNATIONAL is working hard to speed our production and making less sterling—so your jeweler may not have all the pieces you want.

So buy more War Bonds with your money—hurry victory—and the day when the good things of life will again be plentiful.

Your International Sterling is worth waiting for. International gives you the lifetime satisfaction of knowing:

—that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house.

—that your pattern was designed by International craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 300 years ago...

—that pieces created by these craftsmen have been exhibited in leading art museums.

Copyright 1946, International Silver Company



International Sterling

CHESTER GOULD (continued)

Meanwhile, living in a \$4 room, he had supported himself by doing commercial art work on the *Chicago Journal* and other local newspapers. Switching to the *Chicago American*, he did utility art work besides creating a daily strip called *Fillum Fables* and a daily spot cartoon known as *Radio Catts*. Both, perhaps mercifully, died young.

By the summer of 1931 Gould had shed a few hayseeds but he was feeling low in his mind. "Here was the picture," he says. "I'd worked in Chicago 10 years and for nearly every paper in town. I had a wife and daughter by this time and was getting only \$55 a week. Chet Gould, the Oklahoma flash, was a flop. Around 1931, you remember, everybody was worked up about the hell Chicago gangsters were raising. One day I told myself, 'I'm going to draw a guy who'll go out and shoot those -----.' So I drew six strips about a detective named Plainclothes Tracy, a real, rugged guy."

As he had done with dozens of samples before, Gould wrapped up the Plainclothes Tracy strips and mailed them to Captain Patterson, president of the Chicago Tribune, New York Daily News Syndicate, whose peculiar genius has been responsible for bringing into the world such famous strips as *The Gumps*, *Harold Teen*, *Gasoline Alley*, *Little Orphan Annie* and *Terry and the Pirates*. Gould submitted his samples early in June. One day in August, Gould received a telegram from Patterson asking him to call at the syndicate office.

The metamorphosis of Tracy

When Gould arrived Patterson was cordial but brisk. "I think this strip has possibilities," he said, picking up the samples and walking to the window. "Plainclothes Tracy," he mused. "That name's a little long. Let's see—John Tracy, Frank Tracy. People call cops dicks, don't they? Let's call him Dick Tracy. Now, to get him started. Dick's just a normal guy, and he's in love with this girl. Call her Tess. She's a blonde, a nice-looking girl. Her father runs a delicatessen, and the family lives upstairs over the store. Every night the old man takes the receipts out of the cash drawer and puts them in a strongbox under his bed. One night, while Dick's in the front parlor with his girl, a couple of hoodlums come into the bedroom to rob the old man. He puts up a fight and they shoot him. They let him have it. Show these hoodlums shooting him down dead. Dick vows vengeance on the killers. He goes to the police, offers his services and they put him on the force. Then you can show how he catches the gangsters. I'd like to have the strips as soon as possible." Working two days and nights almost uninterruptedly, Gould turned out a two weeks' supply of strips and sent them to Patterson, who put them into production immediately. The first *Dick Tracy* strip appeared in October 1931. Today, it is syndicated on weekdays to over 250 newspapers with a combined circulation of 13,750,000 and on Sundays to more than 125 papers with a total circulation of 18,000,000.

Although Patterson's outline for the first sequence seems innocuous enough today, it was revolutionary at the time. Murder had never before been considered a suitable subject for the funnies. No comic strip had ever gone in for heavy gunplay and there had, in fact, been considerable objection even to displaying a gun on the funny page. In the light of this tradition Gould admits having been a little

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Narrowest escape of Dick Tracy's career occurred after Mrs. Pruneface panned him under spike which was to drop as the ice which held it melted. He worked his way out.



HE NEEDS PLENTY OF SUMMER ENERGY

FEED IT TO HIM AT BREAKFAST! SERVE HIGH-ENERGY NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—COOL AND CRISP!

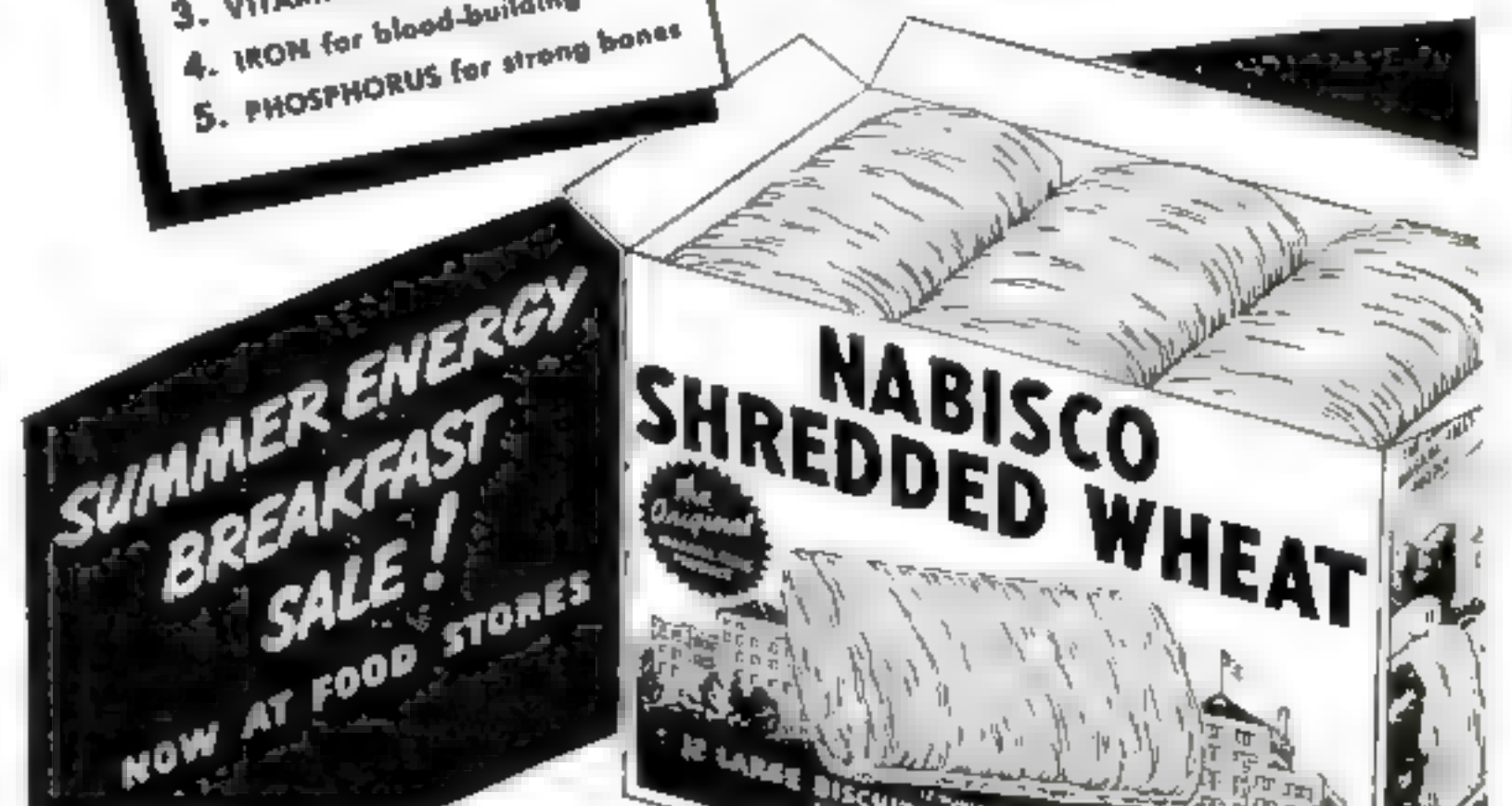


From the oldest to the youngest—you'll delight them with Nabisco Shredded Wheat breakfasts these hot days! Crisp Nabisco Shredded Wheat, cold milk and ripe berries—is a deep-down satisfying way to start any day.

Supplies good food-energy, besides! Nabisco Shredded Wheat is made from 100% whole-grain whole wheat, one of the Basic 7 Foods our Government advises to help us stay strong. Serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat tomorrow!



BAKED BY NABISCO...
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX

luxuriously soft - dependably strong!



*Your nose knows—
there's only one
KLEENEX*

In your own interest, remember — there is *only one Kleenex*® and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!*



There is only one KLEENEX®

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

CHESTER GOULD (continued)

squeamish about showing Tess's father, Jeremiah Trueheart, a perfectly honest and law-abiding delicatessen owner, getting drilled before the readers' eyes. However, convinced of the infallibility of Patterson's judgment in comics, Gould follows his suggestions to the letter. "I let poor Jeremiah have it right through the heart," he says gleefully. "Shot him down like a dog."

Aside from Jeremiah, who was carted to the morgue on the sixth day, most of the other characters in the original sequence still appear in the strip. Besides Dick and his fiancée, long-suffering Tess, the central cast of *Tracy* characters has always consisted of Pat Patton, Tracy's faithful but dim-witted assistant, Chief Brandon, Tracy's superior, and Junior, a righteous and moderately repulsive little waif who lives with Tracy and has been adopted by him. With the possible exception of Chief Brandon, who is a Yale man, all the regular *Tracy* characters are solidly middle-class, including even such minor players as Mother Trueheart, who runs a boardinghouse, and Junior's mama, who is the proprietor of a hot-dog stand in California.

His homicides have originality

Although Gould has often made Tracy commit blunders for the purpose of showing he's really no smarter than his admirers, Tracy has, nevertheless, so far managed to take out of circulation 47 major criminals and at least twice that many lawless small fry. A few of these, like the handsome, homicidal pianist, 88 Keys, were shot dead by the master detective himself; a few others, including a disorderly Amazon named Mama who was married to a midget whom she customarily carried around in a satchel, were sent to prison. Generally, however, *Tracy* villains are brought to justice in a more picturesque manner. Thus Mama's husband, The Midget, was scalded to death in a Turkish bath. Nifty, a mean type who kidnaped his own child, was driven crazy in a blizzard, while Laffy, so named because he considered such things as theft, forgery and murder so droll that he laughed heartily all the time he was committing them, cut his hand on a chloroform can and developed a fatal case of lockjaw. Recently Mrs. Pruneface, a playful creature who passed herself off as a cook and tried to drive a spike through Tracy's heart, was shot and killed by her employer's wife, an impulsive woman who momentarily forgot about the shortage of domestics.

The life expectancy of a *Tracy* villain averages about 10 weeks. Following the first principle of showmanship, Gould believes it wise to wind up an episode and kill off the villain while interest in him is at its peak. The late Flattop was an exception; he lived for 21 weeks. "I got so fond of that little moron I couldn't bear to bump him off," Gould says. The circumstances surrounding Flattop's creation were also exceptional. One Saturday morning late last fall Gould was sitting at the drawing board in his studio at home. On a scratch pad he was making a list of the chores he planned to do over the weekend. His wife was sitting nearby, studying her ration



The rewards of crime as portrayed in his *Tracy* strip include this professional-sized home bar, where Chester Gould is serving free lunch to his wife and daughter Jean.

books. Gould had scribbled, "Potatoes, Alky in cars, Screen door, Water and oats to hogs, Scrub basement," when he stopped, waved his pencil in the air and exclaimed, "Wait a minute. I got an idea for a character." His wife waited. Less than five minutes later, Gould handed her the scratch pad. Beneath the unfinished list of chores was a small drawing of a heavy-lidded man with big ears and a flattened-out head and, under it, the hastily lettered word, "Flat-top." Mrs. Gould looked at it and announced, "That will be the best character you ever had."

Such flashes of pure inspiration are as rare with Gould as with most other creative artists. Producing a character is normally a fairly long process. As a rule he thinks first of the type of character he needs for the plot and worries about the name later. For the current sequence, which deals with espionage, Gould decided that he needed a shrewd, cold, intellectual scoundrel to portray the master mind of a spy ring. He accordingly drew a character who had lost both his ears in a knife fight and who possessed a deeply furrowed brow, presumably caused by thinking all the time. Gould couldn't settle on a suitable name for him, though he worried about it for a week and considered and discarded such possibilities as "The Head," "Wrinkles" and a half dozen others. Studying sketches of the villain one day, Gould's assistant, Jack Ryan, said, "Chet, what's the matter with calling this guy 'The Brow?'" "Just exactly nothing," Gould replied happily. Except in this instance, Gould has always named his characters himself.

Gould never writes a synopsis of his plots. He makes up the story from week to week as he goes along, working around the three basic items in every *Tracy* episode: the crime, the chase and the capture. Invariably, Gould winds up each Sunday page with Tracy or the villain in the most devilishly difficult predicament he can think of. "We never know how we're going to get him out," Gould says. "If we worried about that, we'd never get him in. Of course, if we don't know what's going to happen, probably the customers don't either, and that's good."

Once in a great while Gould finds a hint for a plot in a newspaper crime story. Sometimes enthusiastic fans yearning for immortality in the funnies write long letters about their colorful lives and offer to let Gould pattern a character after them. Perhaps the most promising of these came from a woman in Pennsylvania. "I'm from the hard-coal region," she began, "and oh, what natural resources." Actually, however, Gould simply makes his plots up out of his head, steering completely clear of any with political or ideological under-tones. Unlike such other famous comic-strip characters as Little Orphan Annie, the conservative kid, and Joe Palooka, the liberal champ, Dick Tracy is as nonpolitical as a statue. "The one and only purpose of *Dick Tracy* is entertainment," Gould says, "and incidentally to make me a living." Pragmatically, this approach to the comics seems sound. Gould is reputed to be worth around a quarter of a million dollars, has an income from the strip of just under \$60,000 a year. Yet he has no brilliant theories on how to succeed. "Damn it to hell," he recently advised a questioning friend, "you've come to the wrong party. Me and old Dick, we're just trying to catch on."



A conscientious worker, Gould never misses a deadline, never varies from his schedule: an eight-hour day and five-day week. He keeps four weeks ahead on daily strips.



TWO SWELL REASONS

FOR GETTING A "BARBASOL FACE"

LADIES LOVE to caress the kind of cheek and chin you have, when you shave with Barbasol. That's the *second* reason, and here's the *first*: Barbasol is the shaving cream supreme for taming beards and soothing skin—so that a Barbasol Face is famous for its satin-smoothness and keen appearance.

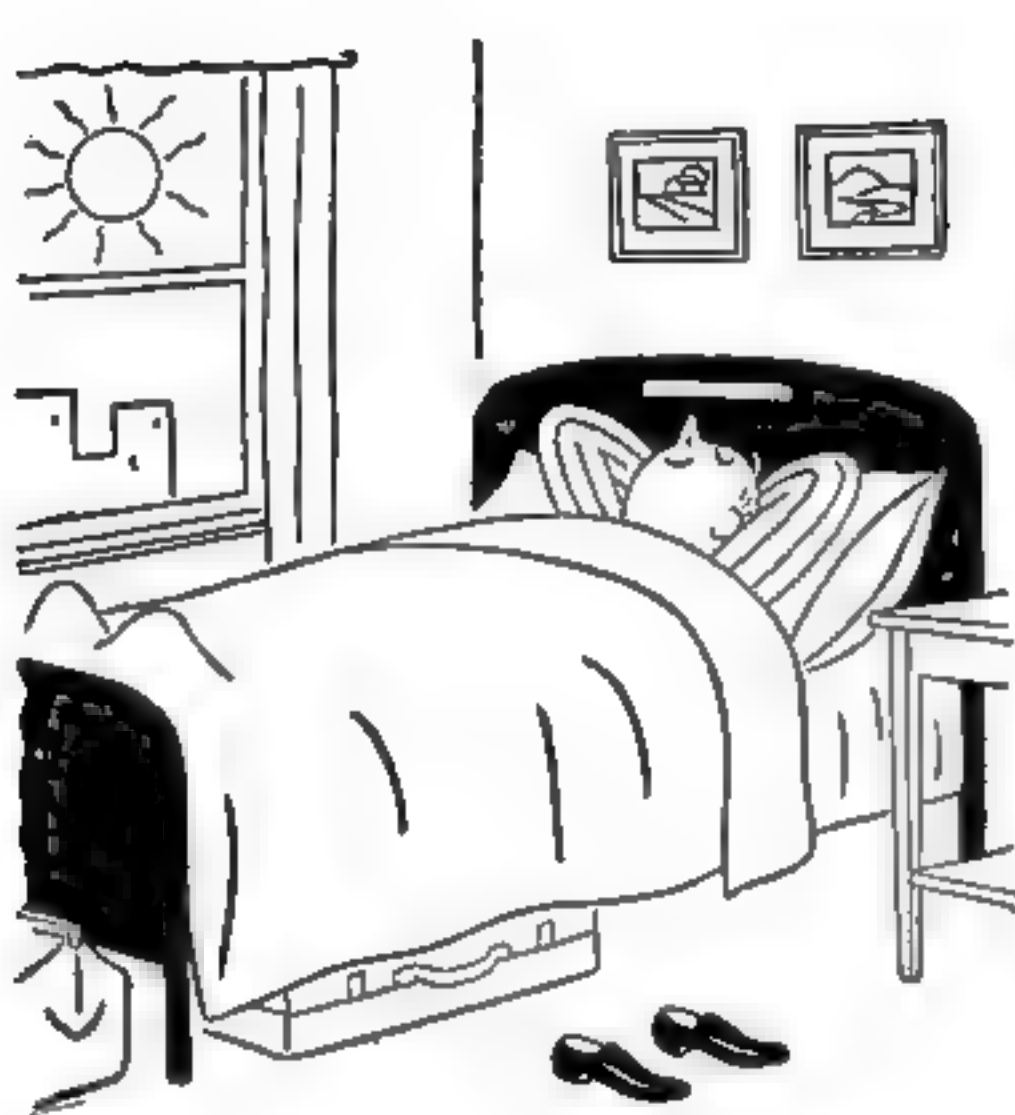


TRY BARBASOL and see for yourself why more men prefer this cooling, soothing, creamy white Barbasol to any other shaving cream on earth—whether the water you use is hot or cold, hard or soft, salt or fresh. Faster shaving—finer protection for your skin in every kind of weather, blazing sun or blasting blizzard.

Try Barbasol. See how marvelously true this is. Tubes or jars. Large size 25¢; giant size 50¢; family size 75¢.



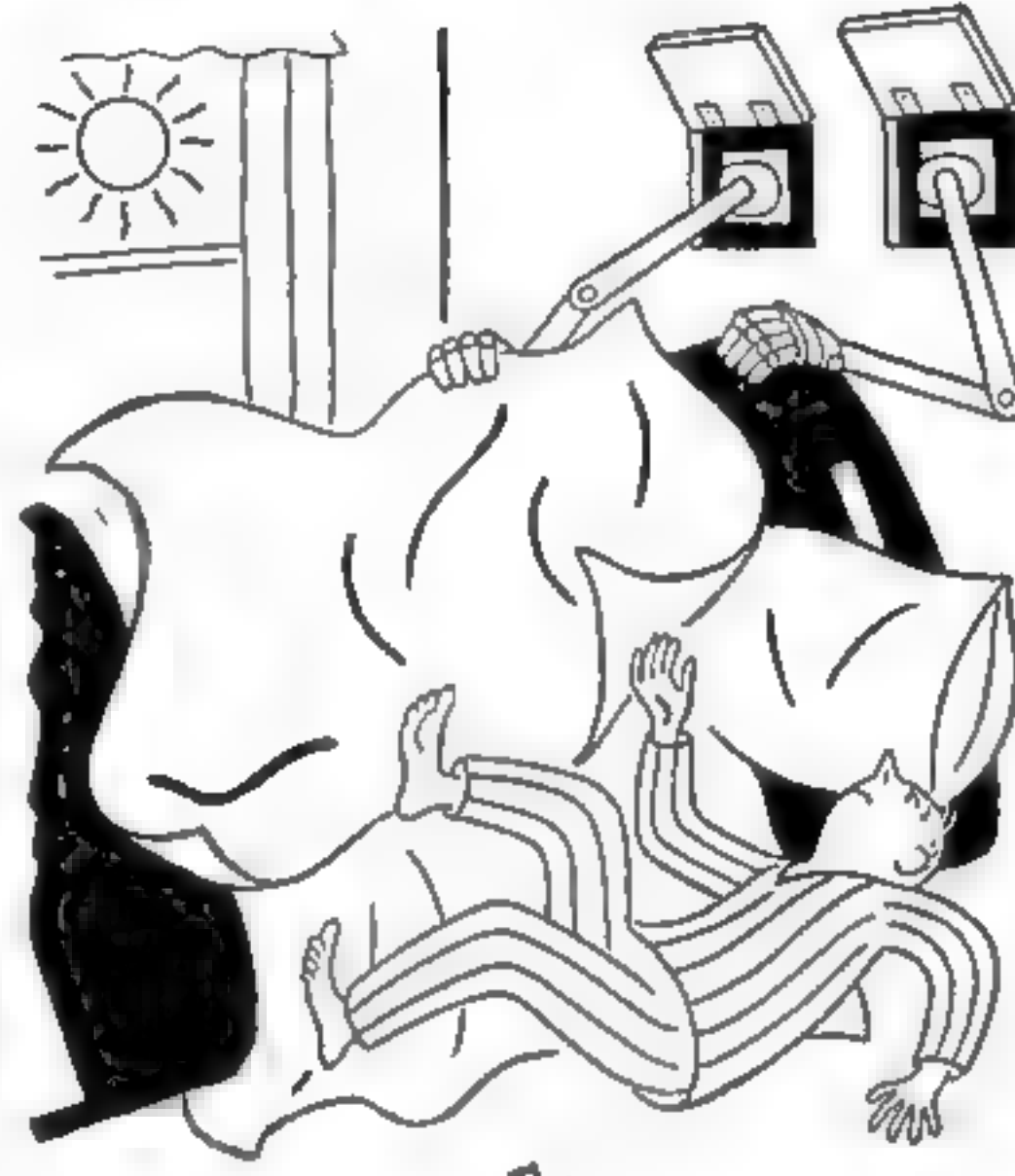
It hasn't come to this yet, but...



1.



2.



3.



4.



In fact, we promise that it will *never* come to this at the Statler Hotels.

But it's all too true that wartime traveling has put a severe strain on Statler facilities.

Naturally, we are doing our best to accommodate everybody who wants to enjoy Statler comforts. But sometimes it is physically impossible for us to do so.

That's why we have worked out a plan we call the "3 Golden Rules for Travelers." Here it is . . . and remember, its success depends on your doing these three things:



- 1—Reserve rooms well in advance, specifying hour of arrival and date of departure.
- 2—Cancel unwanted rooms promptly.
- 3—Release rooms as early as possible on day of departure.

The best feature of this plan is . . . it works! It helps you directly. It helps the other fellow, whose co-operation in turn helps you again. And it helps us help *everybody*.

So . . . won't you join the "Golden Rule" Club?

Hectic as things are these days, you'll still find Statler rooms cheerful, Statler beds comfortable, Statler service efficient . . . and Statler food delicious.

YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS

HOTELS STATLER IN				STATLER-OPERATED	
BOSTON \$3.85	BUFFALO \$3.30	CLEVELAND \$3.00	HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85	HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85	
DETROIT \$3.00	ST. LOUIS \$3.00	WASHINGTON \$4.50	NEW YORK	PITTSBURGH	

Rates Begin At Prices Shown

THE FALL OF ESPERIA

Colors of war are shown in pictures made around a little Italian town taken by the French in May

The swift gains of the great Allied lunge in Italy have now overshadowed its slow, heroic beginnings in May. Actually the Germans falling back north of Rome were still staggering from the beating they took in the first days of the offensive. In the fortified hills and towns between Cassino and the Tyrrhenian Sea the strength of Field Marshal Albert Kesselring's German army was decisively broken and it has never recovered. The break-through which started that first disastrous defeat was made by General Alphonse Juin's French troops, who fought in the middle of the front between the British and the Americans. By taking the German strongpoint of Castelforte, they began the crumbling of the Gustav line. Then, without waiting for the last German defenders to be cleaned out, they lanced down the valleys toward the Hitler line. As they advanced they encountered other little Italian towns which the Germans had converted into hard cores of resistance. One such was Esperia which, like Cassino, stood at the foot of a mountain which commanded the surrounding country. The French took Esperia on May 18 and again pressed after the Germans. These color pictures by LIFE's George Silk show the ground they fought for.

These pictures also show that ordinary black-and-white photographs have not done full descriptive justice to the war in Italy. They have omitted the soft browns and grays of the ruined Italian towns, the bright, shocking redness of freshly spilled blood, the incongruously gay colors of spring in the midst of battle. On these pages these things are shown as they appeared to the Allied troops in May.



Esperia is a little cluster of stone houses at the foot of Monte d'Oro, the cone-shaped peak which was one of natural forts of Hitler line. Many of Esperia's pale orange tile roofs are shattered, but its buildings are less damaged than those in towns along the Gustav line.



Column of French troops moves along a peaceful, sunny road near Esperia. Many of French troops were Goumiers, fierce North Africans who still like to cut off the ears of enemies they have killed. French troops in Italy used U. S. equipment, sometimes retained polo helmet.



Soldiers rest comfortably after drinking wine and eating at table taken from wrecked house at left. Their jeep is parked at side of road at right. Below, a dead Algerian lies beside his mule where he was killed by bursting shell. Yellow grain is spilled around the mule's head.





In dazzling field of poppies a U. S. tankman rests beside partly camouflaged Sherman tank. Herd of tanks is dispersed in a rest camp a few miles from front. Medium tanks and tank destroyers with the French in May were manned by Americans. French drove own light tanks.

Disabled truck (*below*) stands in road in front of men coming through lucent haze. Truck, armed with a .50-cal. machine gun, was being pulled along by a single mule. Mule transport has been widely used by Allies in Italy because of efficiency in mountainous terrain.





French chaplain (*pointing*) directs care of wounded on road just outside of Esperia. Germans who had retreated out of town "zeroed in" mortar shells among troops and light tanks which tried to follow, causing many casualties. French then fell back into Esperia to organize another attack.



Dead German, covered with white dust or plaster, lies on a road beneath a Sherman tank. Arm which appears to be at neck, back along body is real left arm, which has been blown off. The tank is one of American-made M-4s which supported French.



German prisoners carry their wounded to the rear. Men at right are carrying wounded man in litter made of saplings and a blanket. One man in this batch of prisoners was a Russian, used by the Germans for menial duties. Russians, captured in numbers in Normandy, are rarity in Italy.



French litter-bearers evacuate a casualty over a stony mountain road. The wounded man, wearing bloody dressing on his knee and bandage over face, has been hit in two places. Man at the left wears a cover over French helmet with the red cross sewn on.



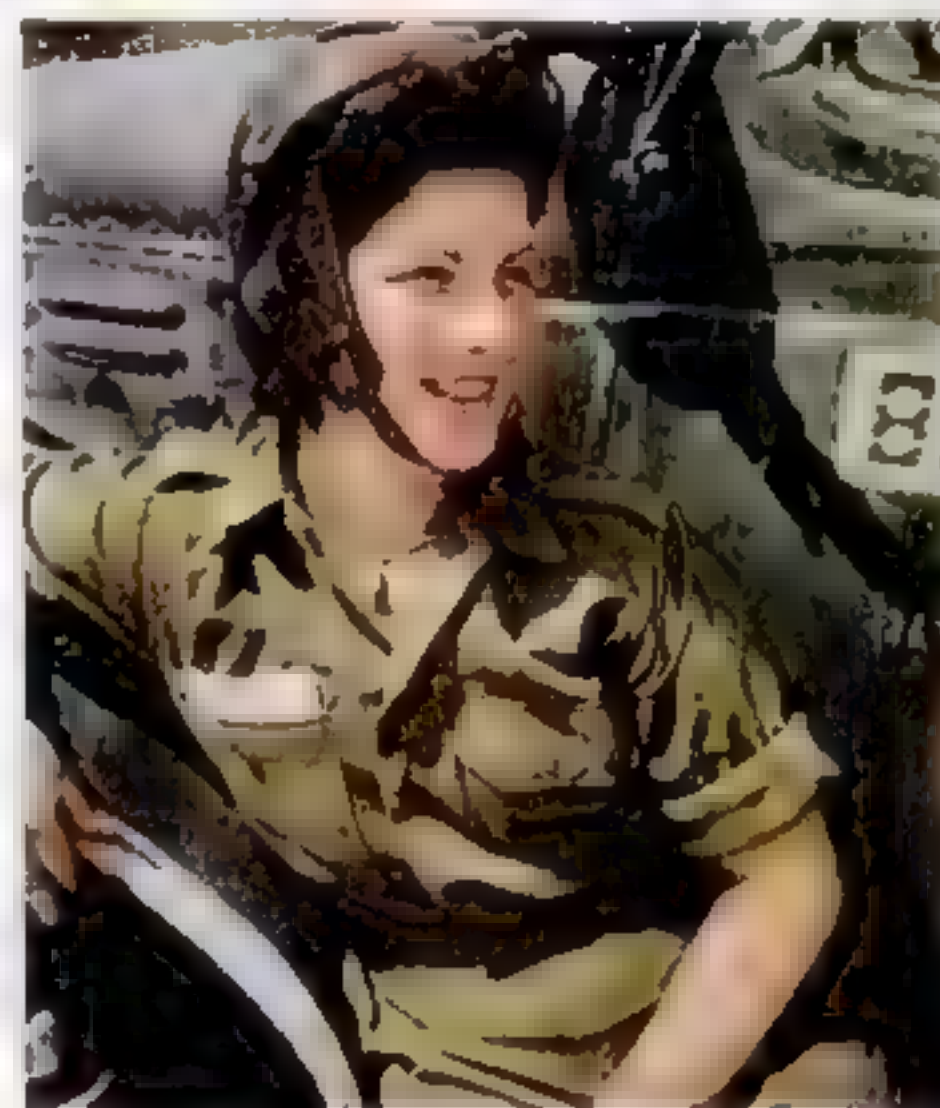
MULES CARRYING SHELLS ARE LED PAST MEDICAL CLEARING STATION. BEHIND THEM A COLUMN OF MEDICAL CORPS ARMORED VEHICLES HAS BEEN PARKED ALONG THE ROAD



French nurse cradles puppy during stop along road. Nurses were on way to treat men wounded in drive on Hitler line.



Red-cheeked nurse wears turban instead of French helmet. Edge of French tricolor appears on ambulance door at left.



Leather ear flaps on this nurse's helmet are standard French equipment. The troops' French uniforms as well as nurses' uniforms.

THREE PRETTY AND WELL-GROOMED FRENCH NURSES SIT BESIDE THEIR AMBULANCE. ALL OF THESE GIRLS WERE IN NORTH AFRICA WHEN THE GERMANS WENT INTO FRANCE





IF you haven't read or heard about this story already, you're going to have a difficult time believing it's true. But it is. So true that it put Tug McDaniel in the headlines overnight.

Tug is head-brakeman on one of America's toughest stretches of railroad—The Hill.

You may know "The Hill" as the 7000-foot Donner Pass over California's high Sierra. Or as that wonderful trip through the thick pines and shimmering lakes of the Mother Lode country—the land that Mark Twain and Bret Harte put into books. Nearby is that fabulous lake in the sky called Tahoe.

Railroaders, however, know it as The Hill—the famous climb over the Sierra Nevada on S.P.'s Overland Route between Chicago and San Francisco, America's first transcontinental line.

Anyway, it all happened a few months ago—I mean all that added up to make Tug front page news. Tug was riding in the cab of one of our AC type locomotives (you know, the tremendous ones with the cab-in-front) as it thundered down the steep Sierra grade with 65 cars of fighting stuff for MacArthur and Nimitz and Stilwell. Ahead was the 49'er town of Dutch Flat. The time, 9:55 a.m.

Between Dutch Flat and Gold Run live the Wortells: Raymond, Janet and 19-month old Billie. Only a deep gully separates their small shingled cottage from the railroad right-of-way.

Little Billie had been playing all morning in the sandbox out in back of the house.

But at about 10 o'clock, Janet Wortell made a

discovery. Young William was not in the sandbox. In fact, he was nowhere to be found.

Two minutes later Janet's mother saw him—across the gully—playing—in the very center of the railroad tracks. The rest happened so fast that . . .

Well, anyway, Janet rushed down the orchard, over the railroad fence, and up the embankment. But half-way up, she heard it—the whistle of the train. She didn't have a chance to make it.

Yes, it was *that* train—the one with the cab-in-front locomotive, Tug's.

And in the cab, three men—Engineer Whallon, Fireman Ulrich and Tug McDaniel—stared—petrified. The brakes screamed. With the tremendous load behind, they'd never stop in time. They knew that.

Tug climbed down alongside of the cowcatcher . . . Nearer and nearer they came . . . the wheels screaming on the rails . . . nearer and nearer . . . don't fall, Tug, don't fall . . . easy now . . . NOW!

And out Tug sprinted along the rails in front of the oncoming locomotive, grabbed the child and dove to the side. The train rolled by.

Reporters were on hand bright and early the next morning at the McDaniel home. Everything was ready—cameras and all. Everything, that is, but Tug. Tug wasn't home. Tug was on his way back on another run, another S.P. man explained.

"But," one reporter spoke up, "this is news. We can't wait."

The answer, we think, typifies the attitude of an S.P. man today—or any other railroad man for that matter. It was: "Well, sir, those trains can't wait either."

Just in case you've been wondering where we got the title of this story—that was the first thing Tug said to Mrs. Wortell after he had saved Billie. "Sorry I was so rough with the boy, ma'am." Mrs. Wortell couldn't say a word.

Everywhere along S.P.'s 15,000 miles of line the war trains are rolling. Look at the map and you'll see why S.P. is one of America's most strategic railroads.



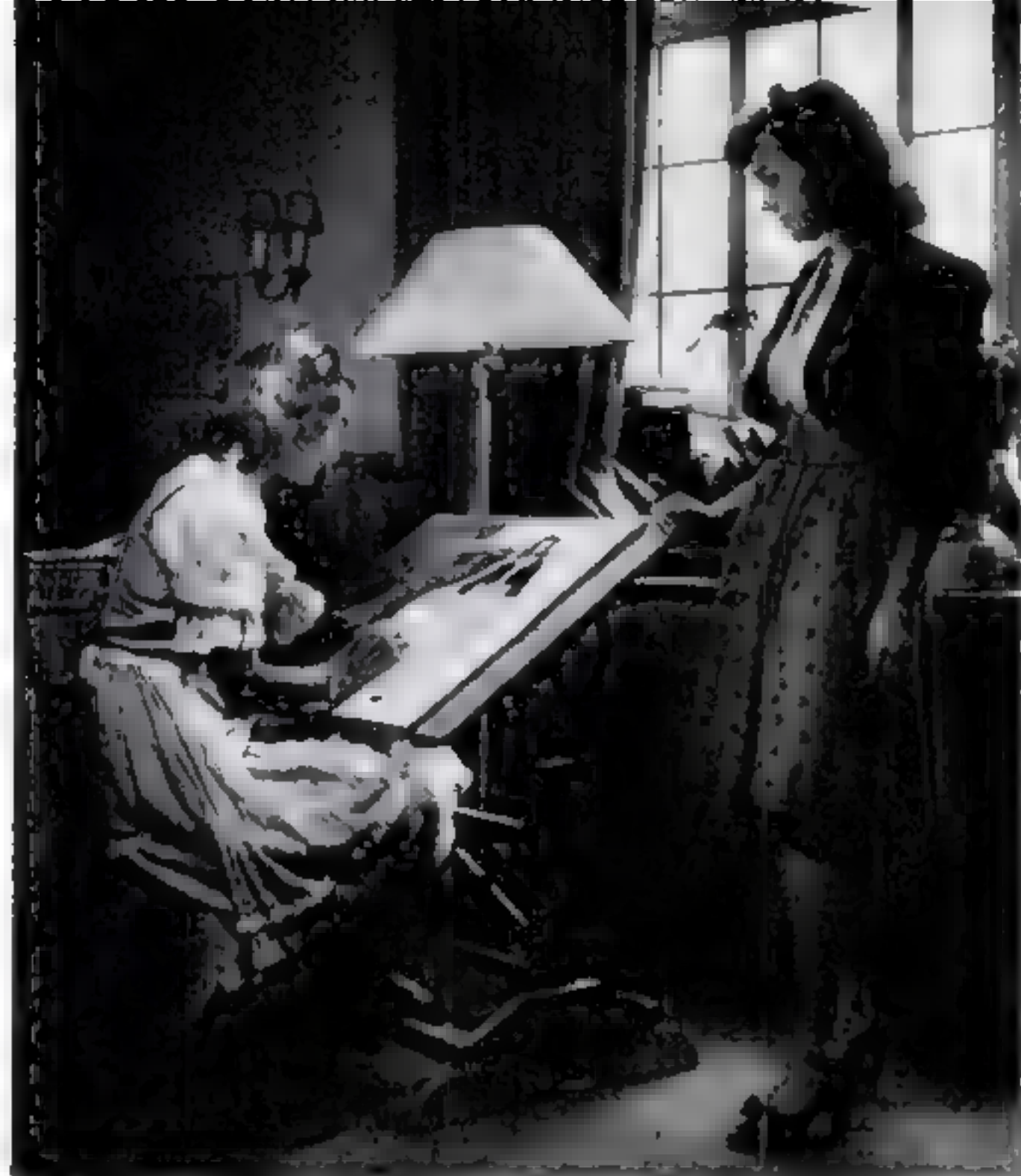
S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: 65 Market Street, San Francisco, California

MODERN LIVING





BETTY BETZ SKETCHES A "SLICK MOUSE IN A JIVE SUIT GROOVY AS A MOVIE"

"TEEN-AGE BETTY"

Young designer makes clothes for "under-20" set

At a New York penthouse fashion show "Teen-Age Betty" made her debut a fortnight ago. Teen-Age Betty isn't a person but the name of a new line of fashions designed by bright and versatile Betty Betz. Before she turned to fashion designing, Betty Betz was a summer guest fashion editor of *Mademoiselle*, shopping editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, associate editor of *Esquire* and free-lance cartoonist. Although Miss Betz is now 24 and married to Josef Lanz (Lanz of Salzburg) she still looks and dresses like a teen-ager. The clothes she presented to the press, in her first fashion collection are the kind she likes to wear and therefore they are likely to find favor with teen-agers.

On the opposite page Miss Betz, wearing checked shorts, is seen critically eyeing one of her creations. When asked to describe it Betty swung into teen-age language, said, "This white gabardine hummer with the cartoon character is real date bait." Of the blouse-and-slip affair shown at the right, worn either alone or with skirt, she said, "This is a gag shirt for girls who like to scrounge around in solid comfort while cracking the books. It's a two-timing petticoat and blouse of cotton print topped with a black skirt for school. Without the skirt it's a fine rumpus rag."

BLACK WOOL SKIRT TIES OVER BLOUSE-SLIP AT RIGHT FOR WEAR IN PUBLIC





These "Bettycoats" and camisoles, according to Betty Betz, are for teen-agers who "dislike sleazy slips that creep like ivy up the chassis. . . . They're the bible in dry goods. . . . Lamp

the ruffles of eyelet and lace 'n' angel 'n' ribbon trim. It's sheer murder, Jackson, and we ain't clickin' our teeth when we pass the word! Fat the hens are wise enough to cut 'em.

MEAT

and the building blocks of the body



As a child builds the structures of play with blocks, so a child builds the structures of its body with protein foods—the "building blocks of the body."

Without fanfare, yet steadily and surely, knowledge of the importance of proteins is spreading from physician and nutritionist to mother and housewife.

While practically all foods contain proteins, people are learning that only a few foods contain the right-and-complete kind of proteins with *all* the "building blocks" (amino acids) the body needs.

Everyone who likes the taste of meat (and who doesn't?) is glad to learn that meat measures up to every protein need:

- for children to grow on
- to replace and rebuild the continuously wearing out body tissues
- to help guard against infection, help repair

damage from illness or injury
—to make blood plasma, hemoglobin and hormones

Meat also contains B vitamins and the minerals iron, copper, phosphorus.

So remember, when you're building your menus, build them around meat for its good flavor and body building proteins.



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the United States

A WAR MEAT-MEAL



Barbecued frankfurters Ozark style, served with crisp long branch potatoes and sautéed greens. A tasty way to get the *right kind* of proteins, that all meats so generously supply. Remember, meat also is a good source of essential B vitamins and the minerals iron, copper and phosphorus.

Smile with "The Life of Riley," featuring William Bendix—every Sunday evening on the Blue Network—see paper for local time and station.

ARMAMENTS—in the Raw

THE MINING industry of America is moving the raw materials of Victory out of the good earth and into action. Here is the raw beginning of tanks and ships, planes and guns. For this is a war of minerals, and every ton of minerals counts in the attack.

Powerful International Trucks help speed mining's colossal part in the war—moving ore for weapons, coal for power.

In the hard-coal country, for example, mountainous dumps of waste, generations-old, are being reworked, sometimes with as high as 80 per cent salvage. International Trucks are moving these mountains to the collieries, day and night, for their tremendous yield of re-discovered coal.

In the strip and deep-mine areas—where such lighting metals as iron, lead

and zinc are literally chewed out of the earth—Internationals take their 20-ton loads from gigantic power shovels, slug away over makeshift roads, putting America's raw materials into the fight.

These Internationals are rugged trucks. They're brothers under the hood to the International Half-Tracks that are fighting on foreign fronts, powered with the same famous International Red Diamond engine.

The stamina and dependability these Internationals are demonstrating in the mining industry explain why—in the ten years before the war—more heavy-duty International Trucks were sold than any other make.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

NEW TRUCKS—NOW!

The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of trucks for essential civilian hauling. International is building them in medium-duty and heavy-duty sizes. See your International Dealer or Branch now, and get valuable help in making out your application. Don't delay.

Pledge

U.S. ARMY
CONSERVATION CORPS

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS!

INTERNATIONAL Trucks



HUSKY, WHITE-HAIRED BRIG. GENERAL PICK RIDES JEEP OVER ROAD HIS MEN HAVE BUILT. A WEEK PREVIOUSLY A JAPANESE PLANE HAD STRAFED HIM ON SAME STRETCH

THE LEDO ROAD

"PICK'S PIKE" FOLLOWS STILWELL'S ADVANCE IN BURMA

When Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell opened his offensive in northern Burma last October, the beginnings of a road were built behind him. In command of the road builders was Brig. General Lewis A. Pick. Said General Pick: "I can keep up with Stilwell as fast as he can drive the Japs out of this area."

Last week Stilwell's men finally pushed the Japanese out of the city of Myitkyina, where they had been stalled in drenching monsoon rains for 77 days. Before they had been delayed at Myitkyina, however, Stilwell's forces had made the most important Allied gains of the entire war in Asia. From their starting point at Ledo, in Assam, they had driven 290 miles overland, nearly cutting off the top of the great Japanese salient jutting up between China and India. General Pick had not quite been able to follow Stilwell into Myitkyina, but it was through no fault of his own. Myitkyina had been entered by a daring march over mountains and through Japanese lines. The road had to wait until the by-passed valleys had been cleared of the enemy.

By last week General Pick's men had finished the first 167 miles of the Ledo Road, from the railhead at Ledo to Walawbum. Now the road builders were completing a 77-mile stretch between Walawbum and Mogaung, would soon be able to continue from Mogaung to Myitkyina, only 90 miles to east. From Myitkyina the road could take either of two routes into China. It could cut eastward to Yunnan Province through jagged mountains which rise above the Salween River. Or, if the Japanese

could be driven farther south, it could go southward through the valleys to Bhamo and from there join with the old Burma Road. Last week the Chinese fighting westward from the Salween made progress which promised to open at least one of these routes. They entered the big Japanese base of Teng-yueh, 65 miles southeast of Myitkyina, had even sent patrols to within 26 miles of Stilwell's forces.

Although General Pick's pike logically sought the easiest available terrain, it was still a stupendous job of engineering. Almost at the outset it had to be lifted over 8,000-ft. Pangsau Pass. Farther along it had to be pushed through virgin jungle where no road had ever passed before. One of the greatest of all problems in this waterlogged country was the drainage necessary to keep the road open through the rains, but Lewis Pick was well prepared for this kind of work. Before he came to the Ledo Road he had been division engineer on the temperamental Missouri River. There he devised the famous Pick Plan, a system of dams and reservoirs for flood control and irrigation which is much talked of in the Middle West.

When General Pick's road is finished, it will open the first southern land route to China since the Japanese cut the Burma Road. It is doubtful, however, whether it will then carry enough supplies to make possible a big drive by the Chinese. But at the very least the road is a firm, pulsating artery for Stilwell's operations. And Stilwell's nomination to a four-star generalship last week was an indication that a new offensive may not be far off.



ROAD BEGINS at railhead of Ledo and goes south to Mogaung. Eventually it will join the Burma Road.



AT MESSTIME ON ROAD a group of Negro engineers talks with native laborer in the rain. At the left, like a row of strange tropical plants, are other natives crouched beneath rain-capes. Rains of Burmese "Chota" monsoon (30 inches last June) have softened surface of road

into layer of glutinous mud, but it is still passable to heavy traffic. One of General Pick's main objectives was to build road which could be used in all kinds of weather. Where original road traveled through soggy valley bottoms, new road was often re-routed to higher, drier ground.



CHINESE ENGINEERS build bridge out of massive jungle hardwood trees. This bridge, one of more than 700 between Ledo and Mogaung, crosses a small stream flowing into Tanai River about 135 miles southeast of Ledo. At this point the Ledo Road has crossed Pangsau

Pass, greatest initial barrier, and continues down valleys toward Mogaung. General Pick's construction army includes a regiment of Chinese engineers. Other forces: U. S. Army engineers, native laborers. Most of natives were recruited from great British tea plantations in Assam.

THE LEDO ROAD



TRUCK CONVOY MOVES THROUGH GASOLINE DUMP (LEFT REAR) AT LOG LAI, 51 MILES FROM LEDO RAILHEAD. ALL TRUCKS ARE EQUIPPED WITH TIRE CHAINS FOR TRACTION IN MUD



TRACTOR DRAGS HEAVY LOGS over road to scrape off mud. Man sitting next to operator cradles ear one in case sniper should try to pick them off from jungle. As Stilwell's

forces pushed the Japanese down the misty valleys toward Mogaung, the road builders often worked within earshot of the firing. So a wall of jungle foliage borders the edge of the road



IN MORASS OF MUD ONE JEEP LABORS TO PULL OUT ANOTHER Mired up to the axles. ROAD PASSES THROUGH HUKAWNG-MOGAUNG VALLEY, WHERE THE JUNGLE IS THICKEST



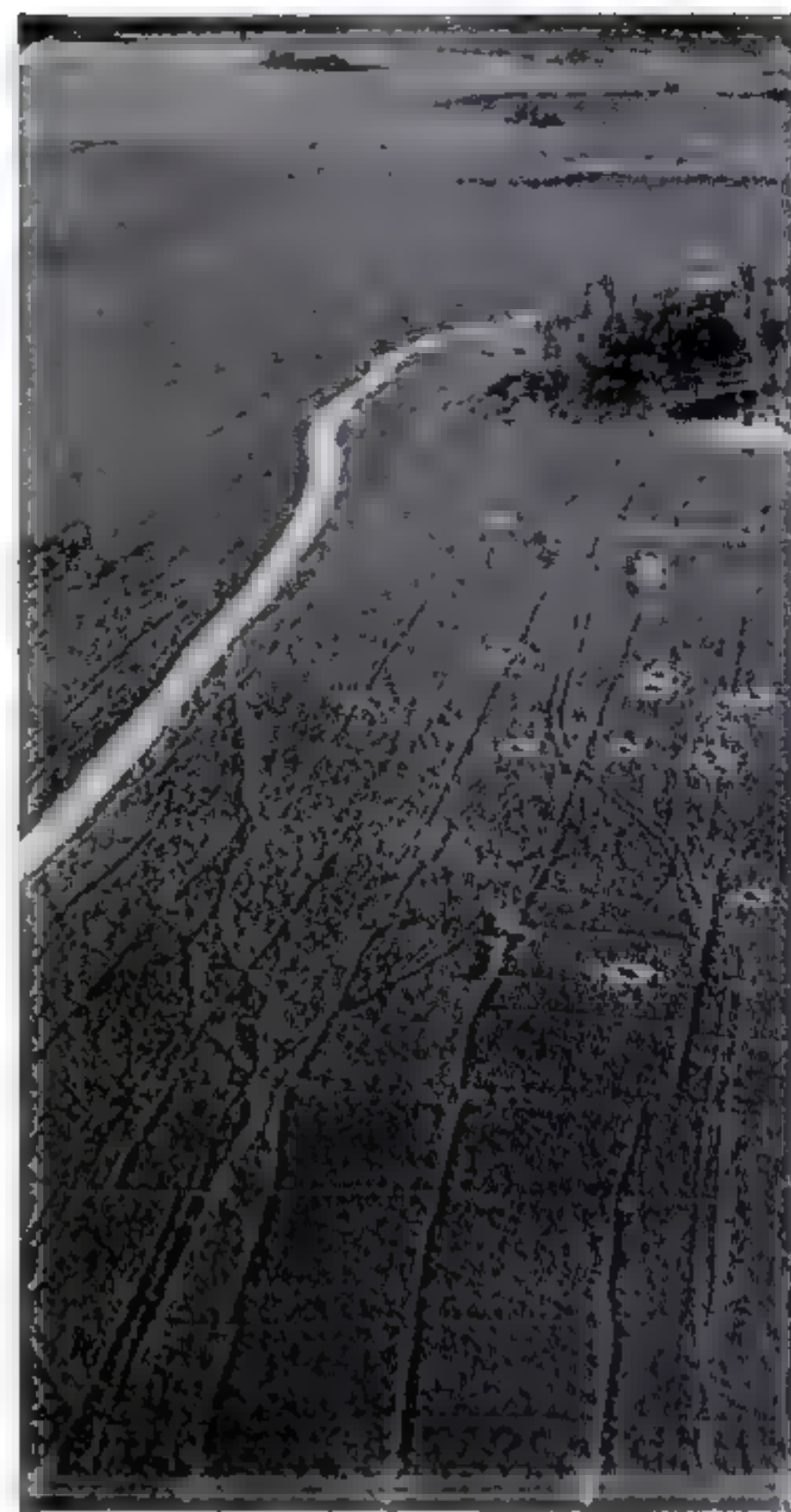
CHINESE SOLDIERS, part of crack U. S.-trained 22nd Division, pass truck convoy on road. Branches are tied to mule packs for partial camouflage from the air. Chinese 22nd, under

command of Major General Liao Yao-Hsiang, took part in spring battles around Maitingkwen, where Chinese and U. S. Marauders gave Japs worst beating of northern Burma campaign



NEW ROAD, two lanes wide along this stretch, cuts straight through jungle toward hazy horizon. Narrow trail of old road

may be faintly seen at right as it wanders among trees. Aerial pictures on these two pages were made on a rare sunny day.



SHELL HOLES ALONG ROAD were made by Allied artillery when Japanese held town partly hidden in trees

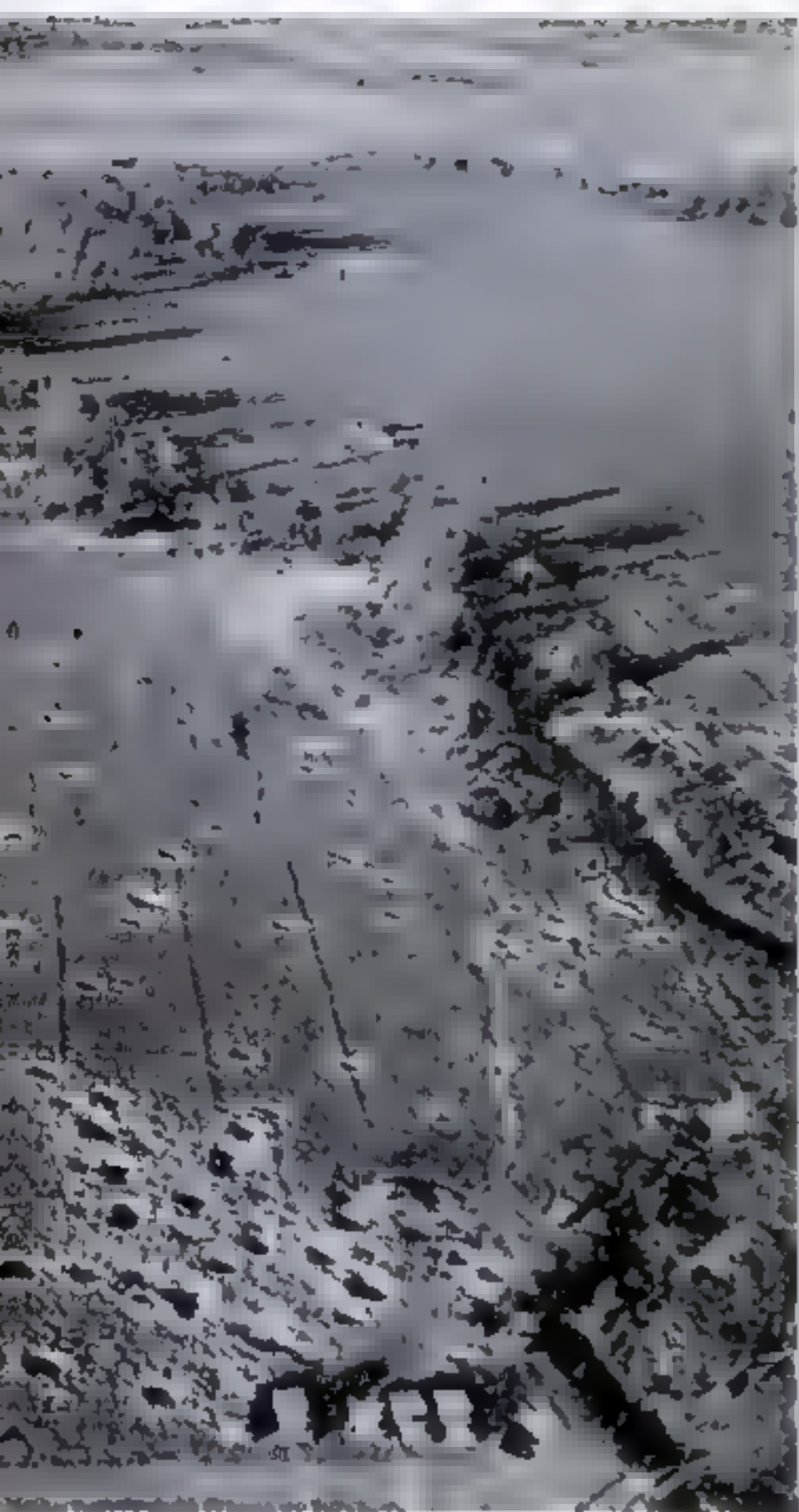


WINDING THROUGH JUNGLE, road is visible in dry weather as long, wooly cloud of dust. Trucks on the road are

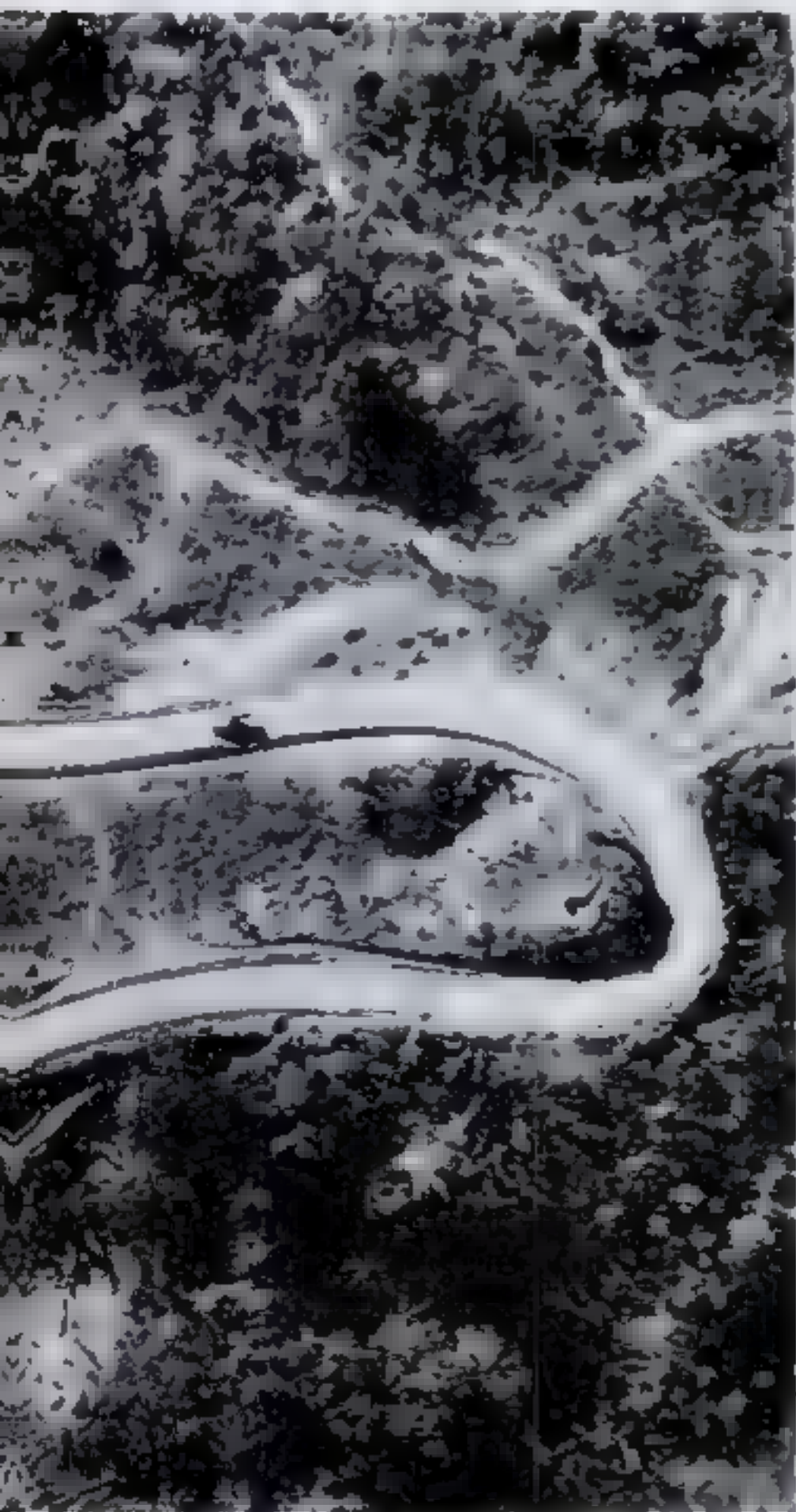
completely obscured. Closer to the battlefield, trucks would have to travel less than 10 mph to prevent enemy observation.



CLIMBING OVER MOUNTAIN, the road makes a harpin turn. At bottom center trucks are parked next to



by river. Squares marked by hummocks are rice paddies. This is one of infrequent large clearings in north Burma.



gasoline depot. Inside curve is tent of road-control station. Old road curves tortuously farther down the slope.



ROADSIDE AIRSTRIP, one of at least six between Lodo and Mogauing, was made by road builders. Strips were cleared

adjoining road for convenience in construction and gasoline supply. They are big enough for the heavily laden transport planes.



ROAD ZIGZAGS in sweeping stages to climb over range of 4,000-ft. mountains. Inside upper big bend are long buildings

of an Army camp. This and other settlements below were built on slope to escape oppressive heat and dampness of the valleys.

THE LEDO ROAD (continued)



PFC. ISAIAH SMITH OF FORT WAYNE, IND. DRIVES TRUCK



CPL. J. MORAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS DRIVES BULLDOZER



CPL. KENNETH C. ATKINS, MARION, N. C., TRUCK DRIVER



JOE GREENE OF JACKSONVILLE, FLA., BULLDOZER DRIVER



EARLIE COLBERT FROM GEORGIA OPERATES BULLDOZER



EUGENE LORING OF ALTO, LA. DRIVES GRADER ON ROAD



ERNEST BLOUNT OF LAKE PARK, FLA., BULLDOZER DRIVER



E. A. NASHLUND OF PORTLAND, ORE., AMBULANCE DRIVER




JANET SCHWERTMAN, NEWTON, MASS. RED CROSS WORKER

MUCH OF ROAD WORK IS DONE BY AMERICANS

The greater part of General Stilwell's force of northern Burma is made up of foreign troops, mostly Chinese, with a few Burmese, Indians and British. General Pick's force, however, has a large body of Americans. Working on the Ledo Road are 9,000 U. S. Army engineers, many of them technicians. They work with a regiment of Chinese engineers (see p. 6) and a minimum of 10,000 native laborers at one time.

Pick's U. S. engineers are tough, hardy and experi-

enced. Many of them worked on Air Transport Command bases in the Hudson Bay area of Canada before they came to Burma. Most of these agree that they prefer the frozen north to the sullen tropics. Like most engineers they refer to themselves as "Hurry Ears," a name derived from a largely unprintable engineers' song. On the opposite page one of Pick's men stands by a sign outside "Hurry Ears Club" which lists a few private American names for the alien diseases of the jungle.



HARRY EARS
CLINIC
CHABUA - CHATTER
PANGSAU - PANGS
HOWRAH - HOWL
AGUE, PLAGUE - VAGUE
G.I. GOLD, GRINDERS

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THE FUTURE OF FRANCE

OUR FORMER AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE REPORTS ON THE QUESTION THAT ALL FRENCHMEN ARE ASKING:
WHY HAS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FAILED TO STAND FOR A FREE, A DEMOCRATIC AND UNITED EUROPE?

by WILLIAM C. BULLITT

France was our first friend. But gratitude is the rarest of human qualities and gratitude between nations is even rarer than between individuals. The memory of battles long ago grows dim; and it was not gratitude but a cool estimate of our own vital interests that led us to side with the French against the Germans in the World War of 1914 and in the present war—which is its second phase.

We have judged rightly that there was no danger that either France or Great Britain would become hostile to us. We have believed that Germany would attack us if she could with hope of success. We have been happy, therefore, that the west coasts of Europe and Africa and the water gates to the Atlantic were controlled by France and Great Britain; and we have felt that the Americas, North and South, were menaced when Germany threatened to conquer our transatlantic friends.

When the German Army defeated the French Army in 1940 and Great Britain stood alone against Germany and Italy we resolved that she should not fall as France had fallen. By the Lend-Lease Act all our industrial might was placed behind the British. They did not go down; and they will emerge from this war a very great power—tired but triumphant.

But what of France? Will France again become a powerful guarantor for us that the west coasts of Europe and Africa and the water gates to the Atlantic will not be dominated by a power that may become hostile to us?

The answer to this question involves not only French policy but also British and American policy toward France.

France had not recovered from the terrible loss of her best blood in the first phase of the World War when the second phase began in 1939. The speed of her defeat the following June left her people stunned. Few there were who believed when, speaking over the radio from London, the voice of a general was heard saying, "France has lost a battle but not the war." It was the same officer who had invented the tank tactics which the French had rejected and the Germans had used: de Gaulle.

There is nothing mysterious about the emotional hold of General de Gaulle on the people of France, but underlying it there is a psychological fact of profound importance. After the collapse of the French Army nearly all French men and women were plunged into despair and believed that Great Britain soon would be defeated and that Germany would rule Europe. They gave up hope of ultimate victory and followed the lead of Marshal Pétain in accepting defeat. When it became evident that the British were not to be conquered, a sense of shame swept over the French. They felt that they had been unworthy of France and of themselves. Their consciences were troubled by a deep sense of unworthiness, of guilt. Release from that sense of guilt they could find in following a man who had always refused to accept defeat. By becoming a de Gaullist and, indeed, by convincing himself that at heart he had always been a de Gaullist, the individual Frenchman was able to escape from his scourging conscience. General de Gaulle became the emotional absolution of the French. De Gaulle became inevitable.

The support that was given him by the British, who placed at his disposal the British radio and lent him large funds for military purposes, was vital in making him a symbol of resurrection in every home in France, but in the beginning was the word—the word of de Gaulle: "France has lost a battle but not the war."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

← **Mt. St. Michel**, one of noblest monuments of ancient France, fell into Allied hands last week. A 13th Century Catholic church, hugged about by the cottages of a little town, it rises magically out of the sea just off the Normandy coast. In the reign of King Charles VI it was the only French stronghold to hold out against Henry V of England, the hero of Agincourt. For French patriots Mt. St. Michel is a symbol of the spirit which has made France one of the great powers of Europe for 10 centuries.

BULLITT IS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR LIFE

Few Americans know France as well as William Christian Bullitt. As U. S. ambassador at Paris from 1936 to 1940 he had a unique opportunity to observe the French people and government during the last years before the war. He stayed on in Paris for one month after the German conquest. His fur collar, Homburg and red carnation are known to virtually every Frenchman.

Mr. Bullitt is now abroad as a special correspondent for LIFE. After consulting in Algiers with the French Provisional Government and with people who have lately come out of France, he wrote this article. He has since proceeded to Rome where he had a private audience with Pope Pius on Aug. 2.



General Charles de Gaulle pays his respects to Washington's tomb. De Gaulle belies the trite descriptions of a gay France, is an austere military man of conviction, hard to the core.

boat with General de Gaulle and the cabinet. And when the government is having trouble with foreign powers, they do not rock the boat. The chief effect, indeed, of the negative attitude of the American government toward General de Gaulle has been to strengthen his position both in Algiers and in France. The French are a proud people with a great past and they like men who seem to be standing resolutely against foreign control of French policies. Members of the resistance movement who have come to Algiers from France state that the general's popularity has been increased vastly by the spread of the belief that he will at all times defend the interests of France—even against the best intentions of France's friends.

These fighters from the resistance movement have tales to tell of acts of heroism and of tortures endured at the hands of the Gestapo that tighten the heart. To repeat them would be to help the Gestapo. This much can be told.

The resistance movement is now organized in eight separate units directed by the National Committee of the Resistance whose members move frequently between France and London or Algiers. These resistance units sprang up independently. One was organized by army officers, two were started by Communists, others were founded by young businessmen or intellectuals. They are now united, bound together by a flaming desire to drive out the Germans and free France for the common good of all.

In addition to these eight resistance organizations there is the underground, composed of regular members of the Communist Party, which does not cooperate directly with them or give them any information about its actions or its personnel; but on its own, independently, also fights heroically against the Germans.

This Communist underground, which seems destined to play an important part in the future of France, was organized first not to stimulate resistance to Germany but to diminish resistance to Germany. This fantastic fact became reality in the following manner:

The French Communist Party was intensely opposed to Nazi Germany until the Moscow Pact between Germany and the Soviet Union was signed on Aug. 23, 1939. Immediately, the French Communists, obeying orders from Moscow, ceased to denounce Hitler and began to denounce the French, British and Polish governments for resisting the German assault. They sabotaged French war production, and on Sept. 16, 1939, the French government dissolved the Communist Party. The party then became a secret, underground organization, which circulated clandestine tracts and committed acts of sabotage in French war factories. Not even the defeat of France changed the hostility of the Communists to Great Britain.

The proof was complete in France, therefore, that Communists are Soviet patriots who become patriots in their own countries only when they get orders from Moscow to be patriots. But the moral contempt in which the Communists were held in France was changed rapidly into admiration by their heroism in resisting the Germans after Hitler attacked the Soviet Union.

Today they control not only their own party underground but also two of the largest organizations of the regular underground, and their political influence has developed greatly not only in Paris and its suburbs but also in the industrial regions of the northeast.

Throughout France the white-collar workers of the middle class have had their savings swept away by inflation and the black market. Many of them are said to have turned in despair to communism. The French Socialist Party is, however, making a strong bid for their support. Most of the leaders of the French trade unions are socialists, and the old party of Leon Blum and Auriol will play a part in molding the future of France.

So will the Radical Socialist Party, which is neither radical nor socialist and scarcely a party, since it represents not a program but an attitude of "liberalism" toward life. It stands for progressive capitalism and defense of the peasant proprietor who has been for so long the backbone of France. It is the party of Herriot and Daladier. It is shattered now, but its philosophy of moderation, live and let live, is so ingrained in the people of France that in one form or another it will again become a force.

The more conservative parties have been weakened by the destruction of the free capitalist economy which existed in France before 1939, and their representatives in Algiers, looking reality in the face, have become almost as advanced as the socialists in their proposals for the future.

All such proposals are put forth tentatively in Algiers, with a becoming modesty, imposed by three great unknown factors:

1. No one knows the political opinions of the 2,700,000 French prisoners of war and deportees who are now in Germany.
2. No one can estimate exactly the political attitudes which will emerge from the resistance movement.
3. No one knows exactly how much in the war of raw materials,

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THE FUTURE OF FRANCE (continued)

machine tools, machinery, locomotives, food, etc., Great Britain and the U. S. will furnish to France so the French economy can get started again. And it is certain that, unless the Provisional Government can get from the British and ourselves sufficient supplies to provide food and work for the people of France, the country will fall into economic and political chaos.

Negotiations for the supplies are now in progress and there is every reason to believe that they will be carried through to a satisfactory conclusion and that France will be given a fair chance to recover.

In the first year the Provisional Government hopes to lay the basis not only for economic recovery but also for political reconstruction. Prefects have already been selected for the administration of each department of France and their names have been submitted to and approved by the National Council of Resistance within France. Municipal elections and elections to the Conseils Généraux will be held as soon as possible and at them, for the first time in France, women will have the right to vote. It is probable that a provisional national assembly also will be elected to act until the prisoners and deportees have returned from Germany and it becomes possible to hold normal national elections for a constitutional assembly. That assembly will draw up a new French constitution and it is hoped that it will be able to meet about a year after the liberation.

The new French constitution

Since there are so many unknown factors in the situation no one in Algiers attempts to predict just what sort of a constitution will be established by the constitutional assembly. Everyone agrees, however, that France will remain a republic with democratic institutions and a bill of rights at least as comprehensive as our own. The constitutional assembly will do what it likes, and it may follow the British Constitution, under which the powers of the sovereign and the prime minister are separated sharply, or our own Constitution under which the President is at the same time sovereign, prime minister and party leader and clothed with immense power.

At the moment it seems improbable that the French will follow the American model. They had the experience of electing both Napoleon I and Napoleon III as servants of the people—and both transformed themselves into emperors. They are deeply conscious that a chief executive who controls millions of government employees and all the resources of government propaganda in a modern state has in his hands the means to perpetuate himself in office. They are not likely, therefore, to imitate our Constitution and, if they should, would certainly limit the tenure of office of the president to one term of six years, or two terms of four.

It now seems probable that the president of France will remain a sovereign of strictly limited powers like the King of England, and that the vital affairs of the nation will be conducted by a prime minister, whose tenure of office for a reasonable length of time will be insured by providing that general elections for both Senate and Chamber of Deputies must be held when a government is defeated on a vote of confidence. Neither senators nor deputies like to risk their seats and this provision is counted on to end the constant changes of government which made the executive branch of the French government too weak.

In the domain of economic reform there is greater unanimity of opinion than in the domain of constitutional reform. All Frenchmen recognize that the reconstruction of the country demands a coordination of national effort under efficient control. Even the representatives of the conservatives, in Algiers and in the resistance movement,



René Mayer, 49-year-old businessman, is able conservative and commissioner of communications in de Gaulle's cabinet.



René Massigli, 54, career diplomat who escaped to London after Germans overran France, is commissioner of foreign affairs.

agree that the production of coal, iron, steel and electrical energy must be nationalized—the present stockholders being indemnified by the exchange of bonds for their stocks. Both banks and insurance companies, which have enjoyed extraordinary liberty in France, will be brought under some sort of national control. On the other hand small factories and businesses and the production and distribution of consumers' goods will be left to free enterprise.

What chance is there that the Provisional Government will be able to carry out these reforms or the many others that are being discussed in Algiers? A good chance, provided supplies from the U. S. and Great Britain reach France in sufficient quantity and provided there is no communist revolt. And if the supplies should reach France in sufficient quantity, it is highly improbable that the Communists would attempt to seize power by revolution.

The Communists are now represented in the Provisional Government by two of their ablest leaders, and the party line now is to cooperate with the government while remaining critical and building up the Communist position in France. That is not altogether easy. The Communists have to live down the words and acts of the party between Aug. 23, 1939, when Hitler and Stalin swore eternal friendship, and June 22, 1941, when Germany attacked the Soviet Union: having been disloyal Frenchmen on the orders of a foreign dictator as recently as three years ago, they have a long way to go before they convince the masses of France that their first loyalty is to their own country.

Their present tactics are designed to prove that they are patriots above all else. They hope to elect a larger number of deputies than any other party at the first election after liberation, and then form a popular-front government led by themselves.

There has been much silly talk among foreigners who do not know General de Gaulle about an alleged desire of his to make himself dictator of France. Only one event could cause him to assume dictatorial powers: a Communist revolt. That he would combat as a general at the head of his army, marching for the French Republic and the declaration of the rights of man. It does not seem likely that he will have to do any such thing.

The Provisional Government will try to maintain most friendly relations with the Soviet Union. The enemy of France is Germany, and the logic of geography leads France to seek alliance with Germany's great eastern neighbor. But the ties that bind France to Great Britain and the countries of western Europe and the U. S. are closer than any alliance based merely on fear of a common enemy. In consequence the international political position of France almost inevitably will be that of a member of the family of western civilization with a friend in the east.

They want a voice in the peace making

The Provisional Government regrets deeply that in the inner council of the Allies there is no European state and that the fate of Europe, the mother of western civilization, is being decided by Great Britain, the Soviet Union, the U. S. and China without the participation of a single representative of the 402,000,000 Europeans who live to the west of the Soviet Union. The French would like to be admitted to that inner council and feel they have a right to belong to it because of their sacrifices in the past and present and their future power. They are fully aware that the map of Europe is likely to be redrawn before they are asked to participate in the discussion. They regret this especially because they feel that little wisdom is being shown by the present leaders of the world, and that the present lines of thought of the "four great men" are likely to produce not peace but a third world war.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Marc Rucart, a member of the Consultative Assembly, is a former minister, ran a radical wing of the underground army.



Vincent Auriol, 59, is a Socialist member of the Consultative Assembly, was minister of finance in the Blum government.



He dreamed of home and longed for it, day and night, for years. And now...

There's something wrong. He's changed... or it's changed... or else it hasn't, when it seems to him it should have changed.

The folks who haven't gone through what he's been through or seen the things he's seen... who haven't lived his life with its terrific extremes of hairstrung responsibility and fatalistic waiting, how can they understand?

They want to help; they hover over him with a frustrated, loving, puzzled concern that can find no outlet...

THE PROBLEM of the returning serviceman is with us right now. More than 1,300,000 men have already been discharged since we entered the war. The year of victory, not so far away now, will release them in a mighty flood.

Many of them will make their adjustments to civilian living without much trouble—but others, thousands of others, will pose for us a lot of questions that aren't just a matter of jobs.

Of course a good job for every veteran will make all the other questions easier to answer. But an office or a shop isn't a man's whole life.

There are, for instance, his women folks. And not only the obvious case in which a man's best girl has married someone else. Often his best girl, or his wife, has backed him to the hilt by taking a war job... and so she just isn't the little home girl he used to know. Or sometimes, he has taken his fun where he found it, and now he can't "settle to one."

Heartache, wrangles, disillusionment... it looks like another generation of "flaming youth" and "sad young men" ahead. Unless...

Unless we think hard and straight and fast with our heads and our hearts—think for them, for ourselves, and for America.

One way to start this thinking is to see the problem clear

Let's expect some of these servicemen to come home with special gripes against special classes of their fellow citizens—at businessmen for their "war profits," at labor for their "strikes against the war effort."

Let's expect others to be a little arrogant about the ways of "sloppy apathetic civilians" until they themselves can relax, feel at home in sports clothes again, stop wanting all of us to live on a brisk "spit and polish" routine all the time.

If the veteran's home is underprivileged—a slum tenement, a dingy miner's cottage, a sharecropper's shanty—let's expect he will see it with a new bitterness. (How do you expect a man to feel, after the Army's excellent food, when he finds the folks back home still on corn pone and fatback?)

Then take the job itself... even assuming he gets one quickly.

Let's not expect him to settle contentedly into a humble spot in a peacetime shop or office—when shoulder bars or sleeve stripes have given him a habit of command far beyond his years.

Men who have been doing tense, exciting work on ships, tanks, and planes are going to find it hard to get real satisfaction out of a humdrum job in a

factory, office, or filling station. Radar technicians are going to take it hard when they find the peacetime world can use only a very few such experts after all their training. They are not going to like (any more than you would) the painful scraping of their square corners against the sides of round holes.

No—we can't expect just "employment" to take care of all the returning serviceman's troubles.

And unless we think now about how to unite or loosen some of these other knots for him we can expect some unhappy results... group pressures, shirt organizations... a deep unrest that will darken the postwar world for all of us.

What are you doing... what is your business or industry doing... to face these problems?

Are you using your mindpower... and generating mindpower around you... to make home less strange for the boys who are risking their lives to defend it?

Your heart tells you something must be done—is your head working on what should be done?

For example:

—Do you know what is in the "GI Bill of Rights" which wraps up all the proposals Congress has passed for helping veterans hit their civilian stride again? (Write the Government Printing Office in Washington for a copy.)

Have you read, "Joe Is Home Now," by John Hersey in Life's issue of July 3, 1944—"When Uniforms Go In Moth Balls," Nation's Business, June, 1944—"How to Treat Them," Reader's Digest, February, 1944—"Do They Want the Old Jobs?," Business Week, April 29, 1944—"GI Bill of Rights," TIME, April 3, 1944?

How about seeing your book dealer and getting a copy of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," by Dixon Wecter (\$3.00, Houghton Mifflin)—or sending 25¢ to the Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, New York, for "Educational and Social Adjustments after the War," by Morris A. Cartwright?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

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Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

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You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

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If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

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THE FUTURE OF FRANCE (continued)

They assume that the U. S. would like to get out of this war not merely victory, debts and deaths but also peace. And, since they can see no peace except by the path of a free European federation of democratic states, they wonder why the U. S. has failed to stand for a free, democratic and united Europe.

They see developing not a united Europe but a Europe divided against itself: Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Bulgaria and Serbia being controlled from Moscow, and the rest of Europe including western Germany being organized by Great Britain. They can see that happening. They can do nothing to stop it. They are convinced that such a division can lead only to an eventual conflict between Great Britain and the Soviet Union. However, they know they belong in the western block, and they plan with good grace to take their place in it. They only hope that it may be developed into a federation that, as the years roll by, may be attractive to such nations as may remain independent in central and eastern Europe.

The Provisional Government does not believe that peace will be promoted by cutting Germany by force into three or five or more independent states. They argue that if this should be done, racial, political and economic motives would drive the Germans to turn their best energies to another war of revenge. They favor, of course, the independence of Austria and the return of the Sudetenland to Czechoslovakia. And they know there is no use in expressing a French opinion about eastern Germany. If the Soviet Union decides to annex East Prussia as far as a line to the west of Königsberg and to extend Poland to the west as far as the River Oder, it will be done.

France's plan for Germany

But they will insist on having much to say about the remainder of Germany. And they believe that the remainder of Germany should be one German nation. They do not desire to annex the Rhineland or even the Saar. They think that the internal political structure of Germany should be altered in such a way as to end Prussian domination of all the other German states. They would like to see Prussia reduced to the mark of Brandenburg which is its core. They envisage a Germany composed of states united in a federal system, no single state dominant, as no state is dominant in our own federal system.

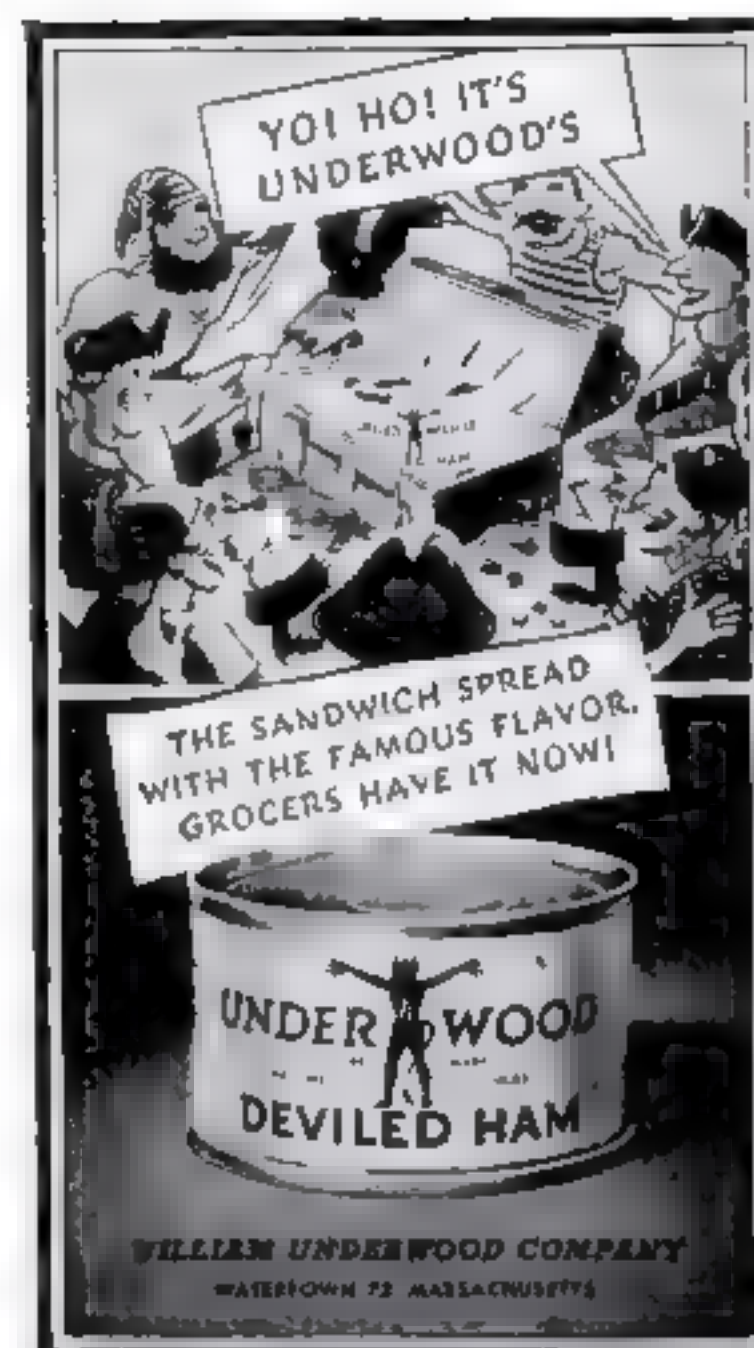
Especially they hope that it may be possible to achieve a settlement which will make the great industrial regions of western Germany look for their markets to the west rather than to the east. They propose that while the Rhineland, the Saar, Westphalia and all the Ruhr industrial complex should remain politically a part of the German state, the whole region should be attached economically to the economic systems of Belgium, the Netherlands and France, with the participation of England to such an extent as the British government may desire. In this area they would as rapidly as possible eliminate customs barriers and make currencies interchangeable and permit free immigration.

Thus the iron ore of Lorraine and the coking coal of the Ruhr would be brought into a single system. The Germans of western Germany would be citizens of the German state, but their economic well-being would depend on western Europe, and the remainder of Germany would be unable to use the vast resources of the Ruhr once more to prepare another assault on western Europe.

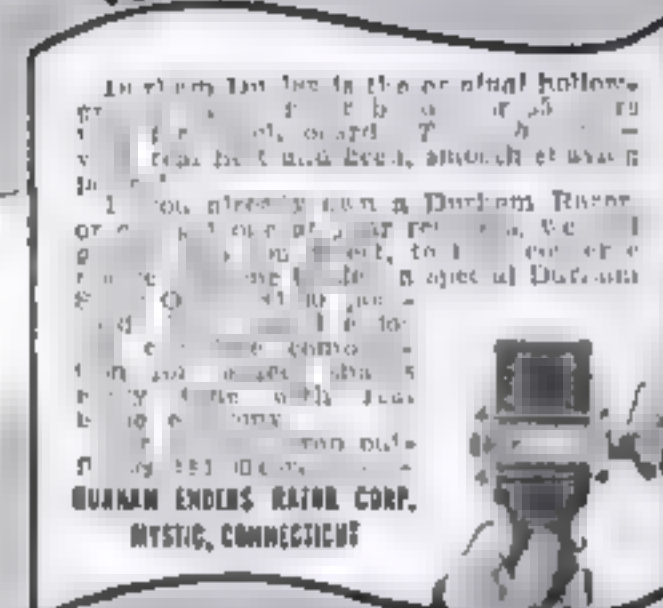
To separate the economic unity of a country from its political unity is a novel suggestion, but it has been the subject of much serious study in Algiers and will certainly have to be considered seriously by the U. S., Great Britain and the Soviet Union. For the French believe that, since a European federation is now outside the realm of practical politics due to Russian opposition, the best chance for peace in Europe lies in an economic federation of western Europe.

The French are, of course, ready and eager to participate in an international organization to maintain peace. And they are prepared to cooperate fully on a basis of equality in putting force behind such an organization. They have not been greatly disturbed by wild talk in high places in America and wild writing in less exalted spheres about plans to dismember the French empire. They believe that the U. S. wants the continued friendship of France, and since American advocacy of such a dismemberment would make every Frenchman the enemy of the U. S., they do not take the talk too seriously, although they were disturbed when, in a supplement, our official Army newspaper, the *Stars and Stripes*, published the story in Algiers.

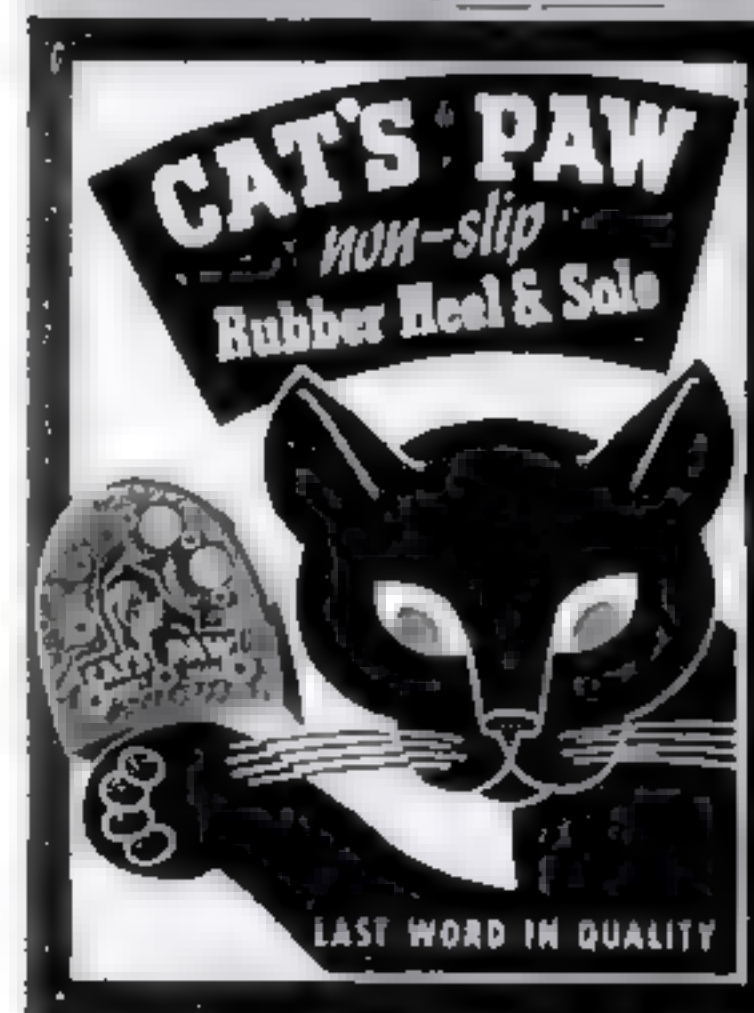
The French are ready to discuss the question of world bases with us on terms of reciprocity. If we will let them use our bases, they



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to the last whisker*



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This need for dividing up

There has to be a dividing-up when needed things are scarce. What we have must be so distributed that all get a like share and none a lion's—too many would go without if too many could have too much.

That's the simple reason for letting each have only so much—the reason for rationing. None can have abundance while another lacks enough—and certainly nothing could be fairer or more essential.

With that same viewpoint of fairness, certain purchase-limits have been placed on IMPERIAL—for every distillery in America is engaged in the making of war alcohol, and the present supply of whiskey must do for a longer period than was planned.

That's why you are asked to limit your purchases of this famed "velvety" whiskey to one bottle at a time. But without such limiting—it might soon be none.

*BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 proof. 70% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grain.
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IMPERIAL

*"velvety" for
extra smoothness*



THE FUTURE OF FRANCE (continued)

will let us use theirs. But de Gaulle did not become the leader of the French to liquidate the French empire, any more than Churchill became the King's First Minister to liquidate the British Empire.

To predict the future is beyond the power of man, but enough is now known about conditions in France and the intentions of the Provisional Government in Algiers to make it possible to discern something of the shape of things to come.

The chances are that France will become a democratic republic with a stronger executive than before the present war but with a bill of rights that will insure personal liberty. Recovery will require control of economic life by the national government for some years, and there will be a strong tendency to maintain control by the state of banking, insurance, transport, communications and the basic production of coal, iron, steel and electrical power.

An effort will be made by the government to raise the birth rate and to encourage immigration. Public health and social services will be emphasized as never before in France. The parties of the Left will dominate political life at the moment of liberation but they will have to govern by coalition; and since the Radicals stand primarily for liberty, the Communists for equality and the Socialists for fraternity, the sum total of their approach to life may not differ greatly from the old slogan: *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.

France as a whole will be not the soft France produced by the victory of 1918 but the hard France produced by the defeat of 1871. The iron of the German occupation has entered into the soul of France. The French have learned that to be free in the world today it is necessary to be strong. The help France will receive from the U. S. and Great Britain will give them a chance to become again a leader among the nations of the world: "*France, mère des arts, des armes et des lois.*"

For the guidance of American policy toward France, our government has only to remember the lines of Shakespeare:

*These friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.*

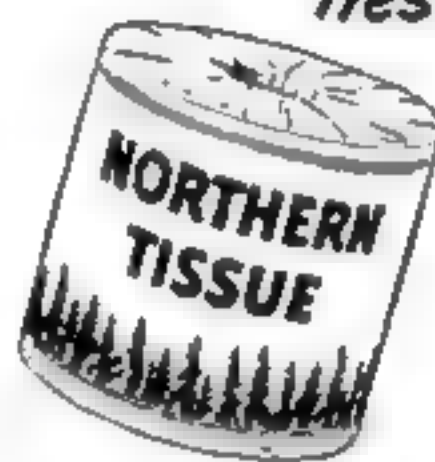
If we do remember we shall find France once more a strong and staunch supporter and a comrade on the uphill march of humanity toward liberty, democracy and peace.



French commando who landed on the coast of France June 6, 1944, carrying a flag of Free France, stands at attention to commemorate Bastille Day in the town of Bayeux.



*This baby zebra's stripes pose quite
A question argumental;
But whether he's striped black or white,
He's just about as gentle
as soft, safe*



**NORTHERN
TISSUE**

Copyright 1944, Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER:



**"Your first shave with
Personna will amaze you.**

Instantly, with a Personna Blade,
your razor is a new instrument.
Lightly you touch it to your face...
then as you merely guide it,
a seeming miracle occurs. You feel
no scrape, you hardly feel the
razor. Yet, presto! you are clean
shaved. The whiskers have
disappeared without the faintest
trace. Your face is smooth...
and HAPPY. This is the most
satisfying daily luxury a man
can give himself... 59

PERSONNA

Precision Double Edge Blades

1 per BOX of 10 - Gift Box of 50 59

Swedish high-carbon steel... hollow
ground and leather stropped to a
precision edge. Meticulously Inspected
17 times.

PERSONNA Blade Mail: 10 blades on
folder with space for your letter... \$1

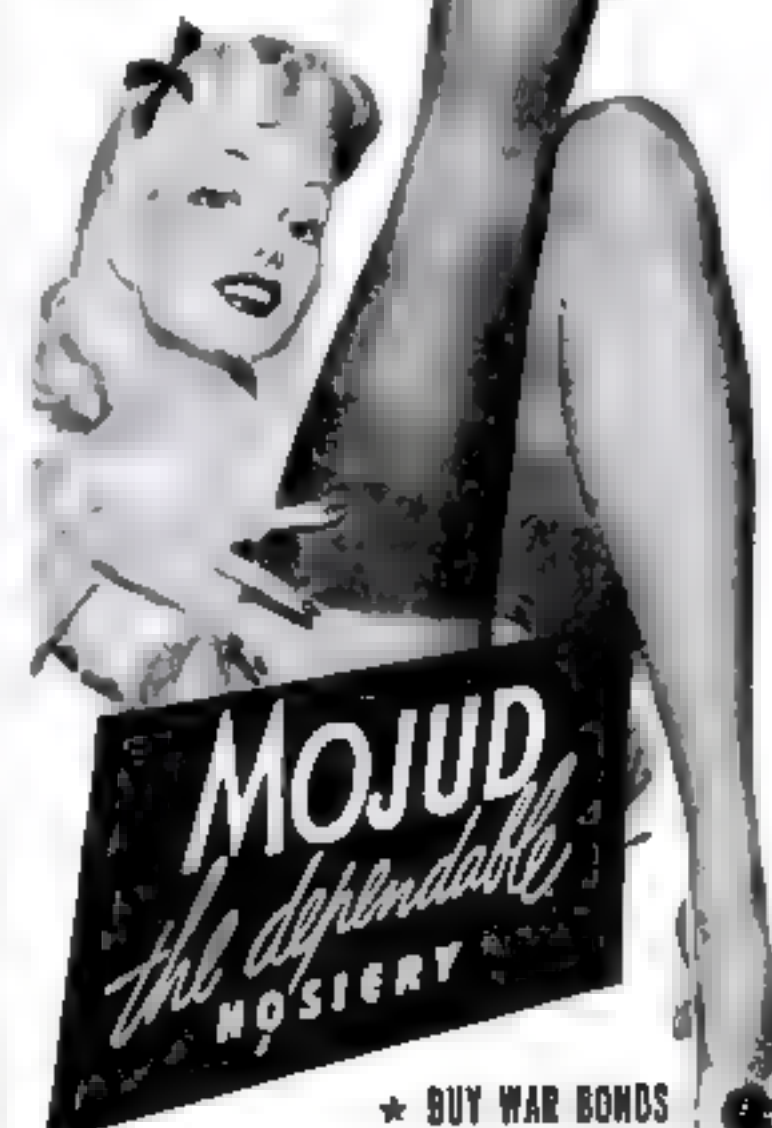
If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:
Personna, 599 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Fine as a Rare Jewel

**MOJUD...that's all
you need know
about stockings**

... because the name "Mojud" is the
seal of the maker's integrity. It means
long-established highest standards
in knitting, testing, examining,
finishing. No wonder that mil-
lions of women who ask for
Mojud stockings have made
Mojud one of America's
largest selling brands.
At better stores everywhere.



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★ BUY WAR BONDS

TRADE MARK REG.

© 1944, MOJUD, PERSON, VORHINER CO., INC., N. Y. C.



"Red Goose" means fine craftsmanship in shoes, too!

**In shoes as in ships, finer workmanship and materials
mean longer, better service**

FOR OVER 35 YEARS, RED GOOSE has stood for fine craftsmanship... honest leathers and durable materials throughout. Today this famous trade-mark means more than ever... to coupon-cautious mothers everywhere. For these *extra values* in shoes that protect and fit perfectly, assure lots

longer wear! And shoe quality was never more important than right now.

Although you can't see all these *extra values*... you can make certain they are there. Simply look for the famous RED GOOSE trade-mark *before* you buy. It tells you "These shoes are good... all the way through."

RED GOOSE DIVISION, International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.



**HELP UNCLE SAM
SAVE LEATHER!**
Buy boys' and girls'
shoes that wear
longer. Invest in War
Bonds regularly.



YOU CAN COUNT ON THE RED GOOSE LABEL
It means extra values inside that assure lasting fit, long wear. It means extra values inside that assure finest materials, durable good looks.

LOOK FOR IT BEFORE YOU BUY!

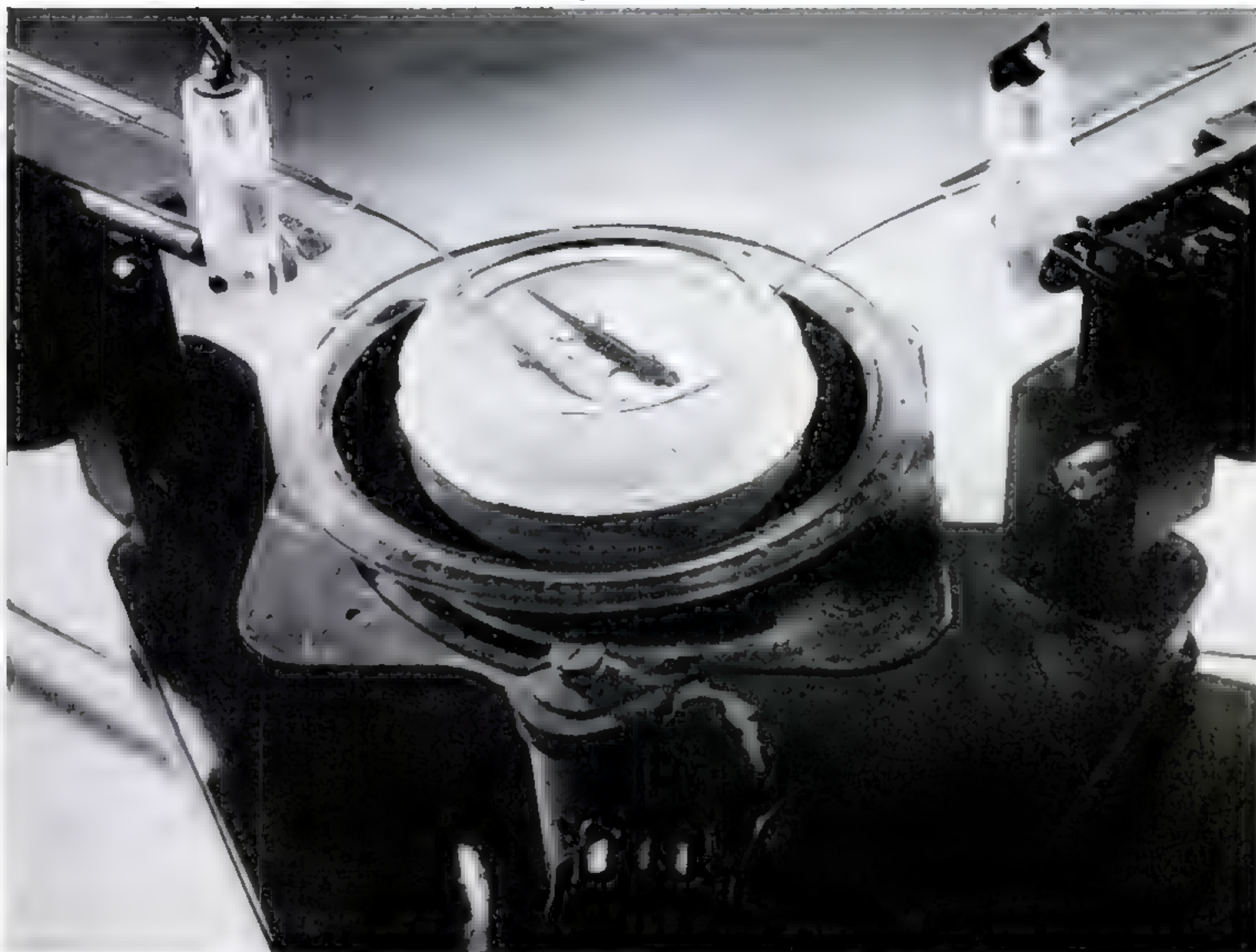
Red Goose Shoes

"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

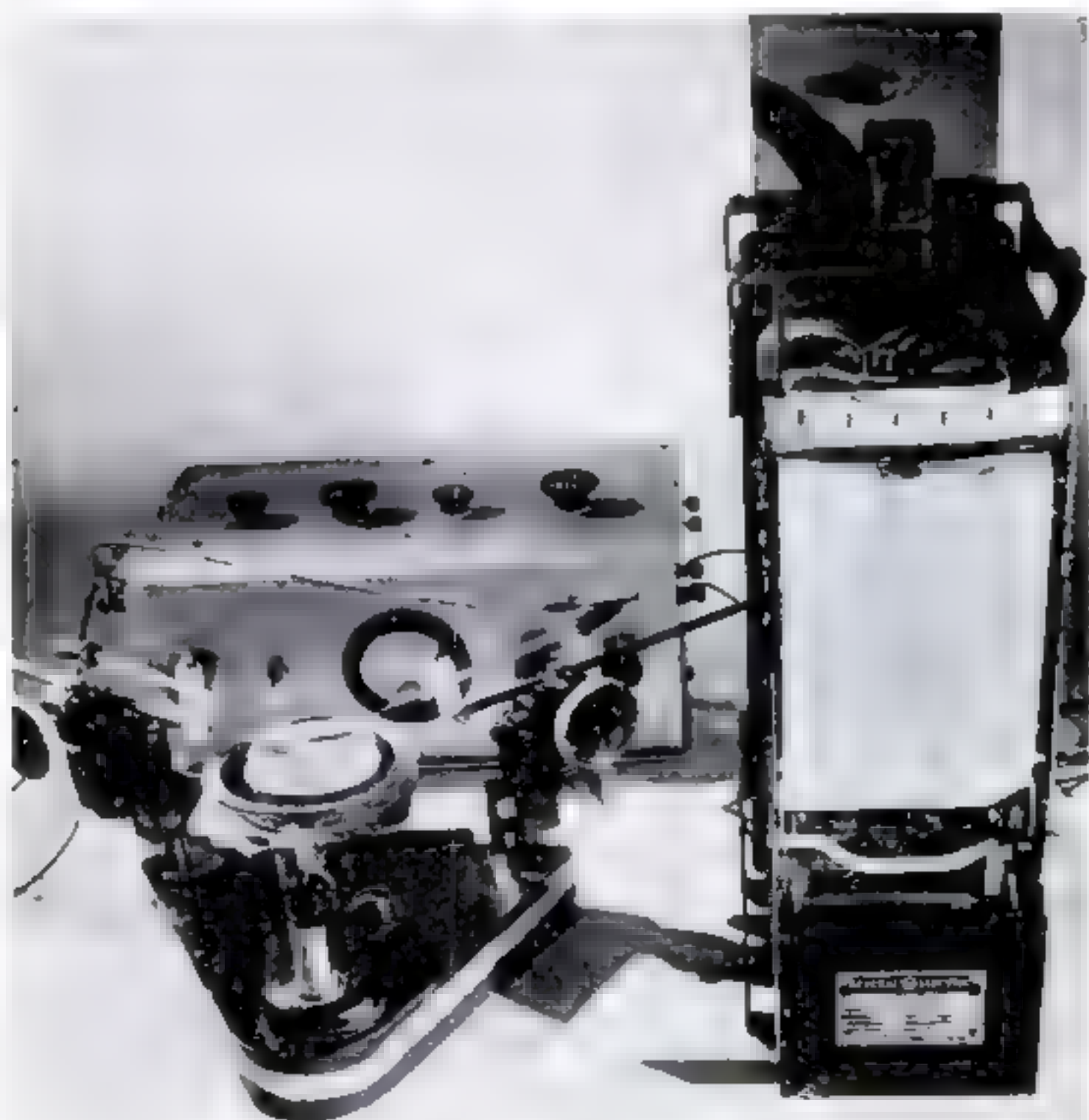
AND FRIEDMAN-SHELBY SHOES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES





SALAMANDER FLOATS IN SALT-WATER BATH. CURRENT IS GENERATED WHEN HE IS SPUN AROUND BETWEEN TIPS OF TWO GLASS TUBES FILLED WITH CONDUCTIVE SOLUTION



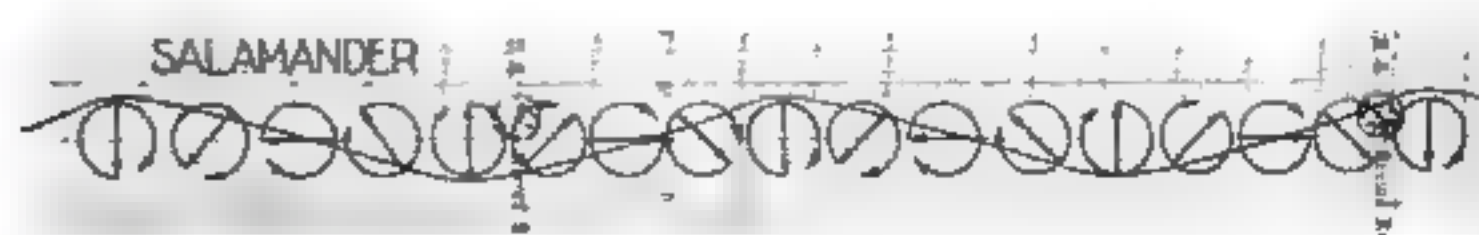
Recording apparatus beside salamander makes graphical record of current generated when he is spun around. Shiny box in background is an amplifier to boost current into recorder.

ELECTRICITY AND LIFE

Currents in plants and animals link them to universe

All living things exist surrounded by an electrical aura of their own making. This aura, or electrodynamic field, plays a considerable part in determining the size and shape and behavior of every plant and animal. It is influenced, moreover, by all the little-understood phenomena of the universe, like cosmic rays and sunspots. This means that life on earth is connected electrically to the whole mysterious, dynamic pattern of the universe.

These are the startling conclusions reached by Dr. H. S. Burr and his co-workers at Yale after 12 years of measuring the electric currents generated in plants and in animals. To prove the existence of this electric field in an animal Dr. Burr puts a live salamander in a dish full of salt water which acts as an electrical conductor. Leading from this bath to an extremely delicate recording apparatus are two electrodes, in effect conducting wires. As the dish and the salamander are turned an electric current flows through these electrodes and is registered on the recorder. The living salamander has thus become a tiny electric generator. In so doing the salamander provides conclusive proof that he possesses an electrical field, for it is a physical law that when such a field is rotated an electric current inevitably results.



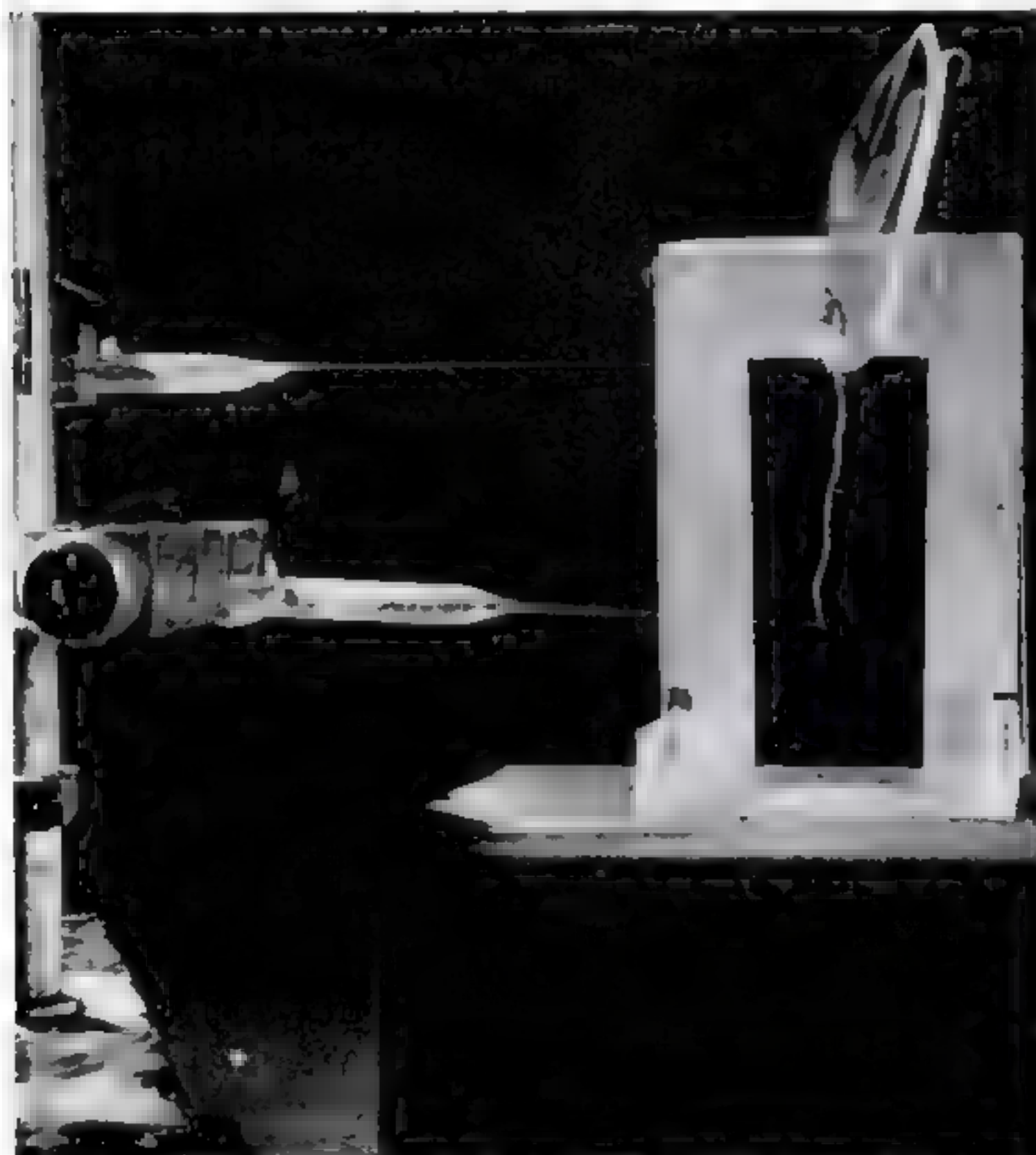
Current diagram shows that as salamander (represented by arrows in circles) is rotated, current fluctuates up and down from plus to minus like ordinary household alternating current.



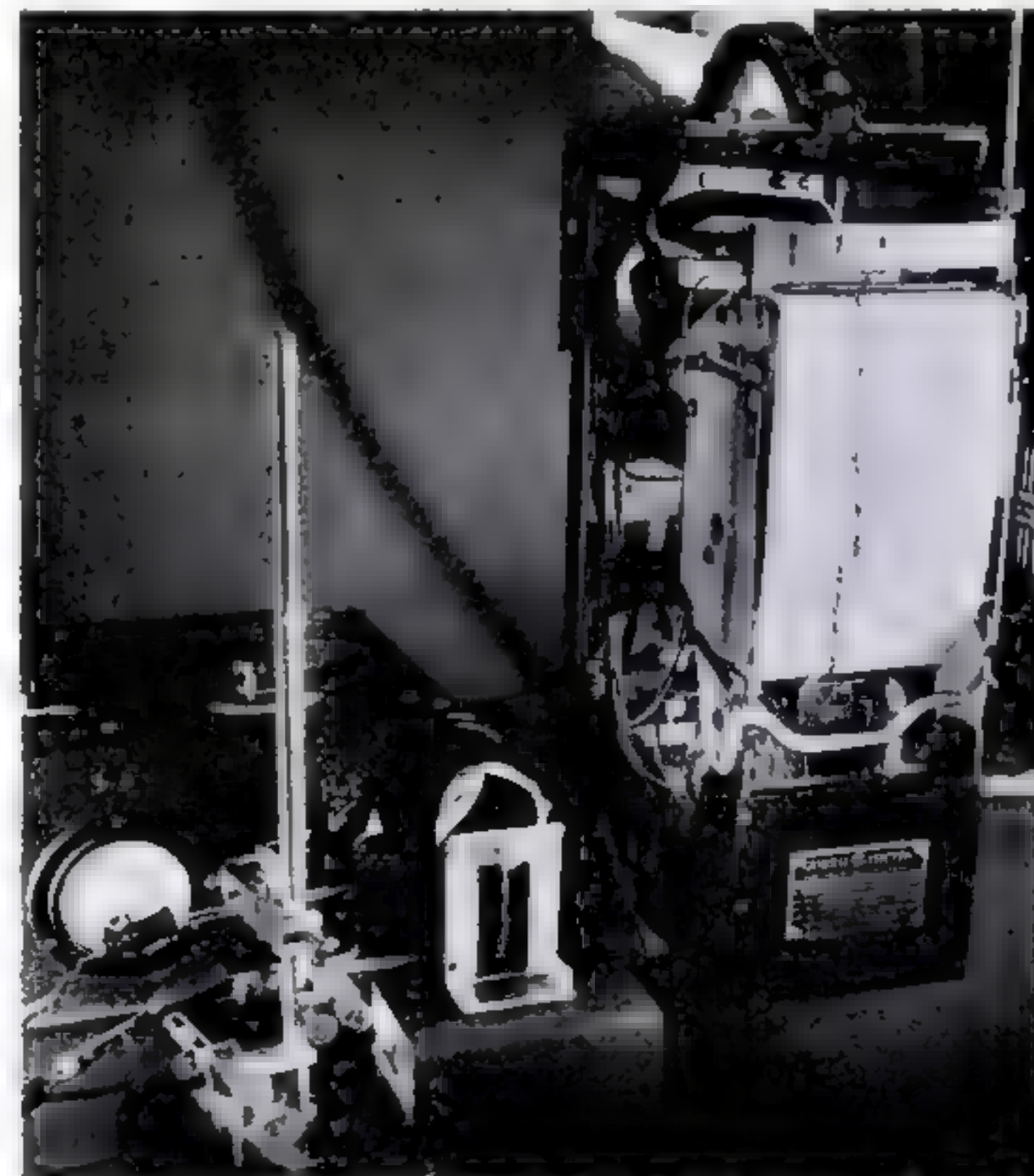
Influence of universe on begonia plant is shown by this experiment. Attached by two electrodes (left) to the recorder, it registered large increase in voltage at full moon. Dr. Burr, however, believes some larger force in universe affects both plant and cycle of the moon.



Test tree, inspected by Dr. Burr's assistant, is an ordinary maple which has been wired to recording apparatus for one year. By comparing electric history of this tree with others, Dr. Burr concludes that trees all over the world are affected alike by forces in universe.



A growing corn root is measured for its electric output. Two long, slim needles made of glass are hollow and contain a conductive salt solution like that used in salamander experiment. As the seed sprouts and root grows downward more and more electric current is generated.



Graph of current output shows a fluctuating but slowly increasing current as corn root in previous picture grows. From this and from other experiments Dr. Burr concludes that electric fields play a major part in determining the shape and design of all living things.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



*I can see my hammock now—
hanging in the orchard—*

"I can see my hammock now, hanging in the orchard . . . with Brownie sleeping underneath . . . and the sound of the brook where the kids are playing . . ."

So his letters go—full of all the *little* things he misses so much.

For it's the small familiar pleasures he looks forward to enjoying when he gets back . . . the *little* things that to him, just as to all of us, add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy

a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is—as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is *little* things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Men of the United States Navy
say letters keep up morale . . .
Write that V-Mail letter today.

Morale is a lot of little things



"The only thing that most soldiers and I have against candy is that we don't get enough of it"

Ernie Pyle



PHOTOGRAPH BY MILTON J. PIKE

Everybody knows this Scripps-Howard correspondent, Pulitzer Prize winner and author of "Here is Your War." Ernie Pyle is one of the best-loved writers of this war—with the men in the front lines as well as on the home front. A war film is being made, based on Ernie Pyle's dispatches.

Ernie Pyle knows that the candy industry is bending every effort to keep "candy coming" to battle front and training camp. Even in the face of great shortages of basic ingredients.

His statement, however, is eloquent testimony to the high place candy holds in the regard of our fighters.

Candy is fun and relaxation, and the G.I.'s come a-running when "Candy's in at the PX."

This war, however, has brought out the serious side of candy.

Why do U. S. Fighting Forces, Army, Navy and Air Corps, specify candy for their men?

Because candy is an energy builder, and a quick one; takes up small space; keeps at high temperatures, or low; combats thirst; and is easily and equitably divided.

And because candy helps maintain morale.

Why don't you take a "modern" look at candy?

Remember it is a wholesome product of the fine foods from farm, dairy and orchard.

It is quick energy in variety for every taste.

Naturally there is less candy for us here at home, but isn't the dramatic proving ground of the war giving us a brand new, grand new appreciation of candy as food?



Your G. I. Joe
Will wear a grin,
When the Post Exchange
Says, "Candy's In."



COUNCIL ON CANDY OF THE
NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION
HEADQUARTERS: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

... an organization devoted to maintaining high standards of
quality in candy and its manufacture and the dissemination of
authoritative information on its use.



Wound diagnosis can be done electrically. Healthy forefingers are here dipped in salt-water cups connected to galvanometer. The dial shows 1.5 millivolts (1 millivolt = 1/1,000 of volt) flowing between positive left hand and negative right hand.

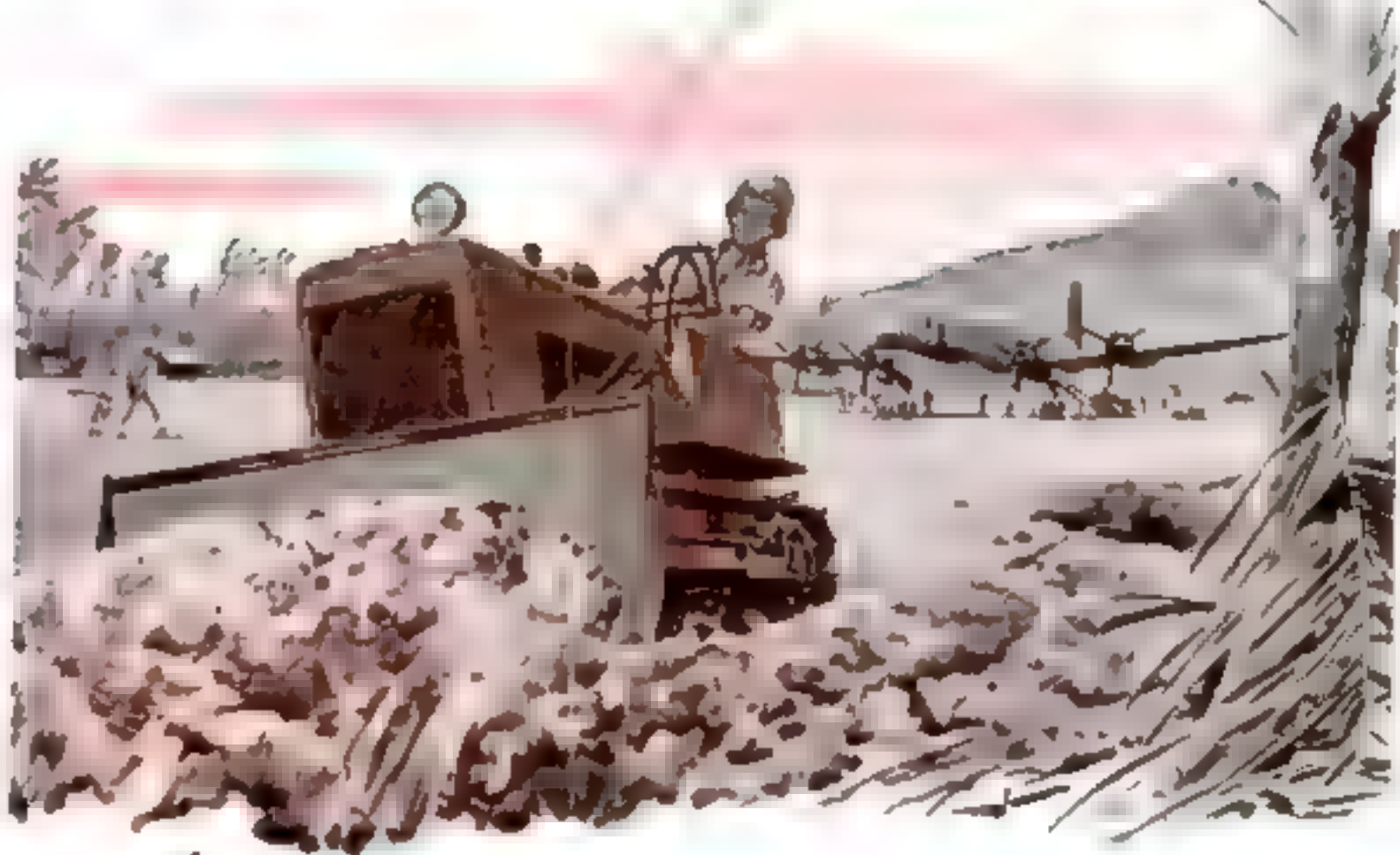


Current changes when the two middle fingers, one with slight cut on end, are dipped in the cups. Left hand is now negative and current has gone up to 12 millivolts. It may soon be possible to diagnose internal lesions like ulcers by similar method.

INSIGNE OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS



WHERE PERFORMANCE REALLY COUNTS...



Dependable
...CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
ARE IN THE VANGUARD!

When the Corps of Engineers take hold, things move. Masters of hundreds of structural, repair and maintenance crafts, they are always in the vanguard, and often in actual combat with the enemy. Masters, too, of every type of engine-driven vehicle and power equipment, dependability is the measure of everything they use. That's why Champion Spark Plugs are on active duty with the Engineers, just as they are with every branch of our armed forces on land, water and in the air; for dependability has been Champion's hallmark for more than thirty years—thirty years devoted exclusively to the production of better, more dependable spark plugs. When you need new spark plugs, demand dependable Champions. Remember, too, that all spark plugs should be inspected, tested and cleaned at regular intervals for maximum engine efficiency and economy.



BUY MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS
UNTIL THE DAY OF VICTORY



TO SAVE
GASOLINE
—KEEP SPARK
PLUGS CLEAN

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



CHORUS GIRLS DIANE VAN ALET, MARA WILLIAMS AND MARY MULLEN EXCHANGE CHITCHAT IN COPA DRESSING ROOM



Anya, blonde fortuneteller of the Copa, looks at a customer's love line by matchlight. To accent mystical quality of her palm reading, Anya drapes her hair into weird spirals over a

black velvet frame. She wanders from table to table during the course of the evening, averages 40 readings nightly. A former dancer, Anya has been the Copa seer for four years.

Life Goes to the Copacabana

This popular New York nightclub is famous for its beautiful chorus

During the hot summer months, the Copacabana, a medium-sized cabaret on East 80th Street, has been the most popular night spot in Manhattan. Decorated with white plaster palm trees, colored awnings and imitation coconuts, it looks like an unsuccessful Hollywood attempt to reproduce a South American atmosphere. Yet while nightclubs all over New York were quietly folding up under the strain of the new cabaret tax and the heat, the sub-basement dining room of the Copacabana flourished. It gets a varied crowd: Broadway characters, garment wholesalers, movie personalities and a large portion of New York's steady tourist trade. They all come to the Copa for the same reason, to see the beautifully costumed, good-looking Samba Sirens (right) and to enjoy the fastest-moving floor show in town.

During the latter part of July, the Copacabana, with the Stork Club and La Vie Parisienne, was charged with tax violation by the City of New York and for some time had a city custodian as a regular member of the audience. The show went on as usual, three times nightly, and business was not appreciably affected.

The biggest laugh of the evening comes when Bert Wheeler and Paul Douglas do an old Frank Fay gag with their trousers (see below, right). After Douglas stops show with pair of jutterbug pants which reach almost to his chin, Wheeler opens his coat, displays a pair of baggy pants which hardly come up to his hips.



Dolores Grey, a 20-year-old contralto, makes her nightclub debut in the current Copacabana show. A protégée of Mary Martin, she began her singing career with a college jazz band



DEE TURNELL (CENTER) AND THE SAMBA SIRENS DANCE RHUMBA NUMBER ON TINY FLOOR. 41 GIRLS FROM COPA SHOWS HAVE BEEN SIGNED BY HOLLYWOOD AND BROADWAY SHOWS



Bert Wheeler and Paul Douglas are the headline comedy act of the show. Douglas, well-known sports announcer, is making his first nightclub appearance as Wheeler's straight man.



Navy ensign (right) is entraptured by the swaying rhythm of the Samba Sirens as they do a South American number. The average check for an evening at the Copa for two - \$8.50.

Although the Copacabana, now in its fourth year, charges no cover a \$2.50 minimum applies for all tables throughout the downstairs dining room, where floor show is presented.

Engines love to hear you
Sound your



Something Special happens when you
sound your Z for

PENNZOIL

When listless, war-weary cars perk up again... when over-age veterans run as though they'll last forever... when younger models reach the upper mileage brackets still fresh and smooth—it's a pretty good sign the owners specify "something special" in motor oils.

It's the Pennsylvania oil especially refined to resist sludge, varnish and other enemies of silky engine performance. To try it yourself, just drive in at the yellow oval sign, ask for Pennzoil—and sound your Z so there'll be no mistake.



GASOLINE POWERS
THE ATTACK—
DON'T WASTE
A DROP!

Better dealers from
coast to coast
display this sign

PENNZOIL® GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



Dee Turnell, pretty blonde ballerina, came to the Copa from lavish Broadway flop, *Dream with Music*. Now 19, Dee is getting movie-contract nibbles from Hollywood.



Patti Morgan, sultriest of Samba Sirens, poses against one of the Copa's lavish plaster palm trees. Now in her second Copa review, Patti is 21, a native of Nova Scotia.



Eunice Healey has danced in numerous Broadway hits, including *Two For The Show*, *Beat The Band*, *Hold on to Your Hats*. In Copa show she does twirling tap (above).



June Edgar, most sedate of the Samba Sirens, came to the Copa from Earl Carroll's in Hollywood. A tall (5' 7") brunette, June looks best in summery white costumes.

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (Drill Order)

Edmont-op. Zet, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Waterloo,
Lucknow, Nile 1884, '85, Arima, 1914, Hindenburg Line,
Macedonia 1915, '18

HONOURS OF Dewar's "White Label"



Award of the International
Exposition of Agriculture,
Buenos Aires, Argentina,
1910 . . . one of more than
60 medals honouring Dewar's
White Label for excellence
in Scotch Whisky.

IN MAPPING out your social strategy, start out with this shining fact . . . THERE IS NO RETREAT IN QUALITY FOR DEWAR'S SCOTCH! We consider it a point of honour to maintain the quality which has won 60 honours all over the world! Command Dewar's and be "at ease."

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years
Victoria Vat
No Plus Ultra—Liqueur Scotch



COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE

"AT EASE"

Dewar's "White Label"

and "Victoria Vat"

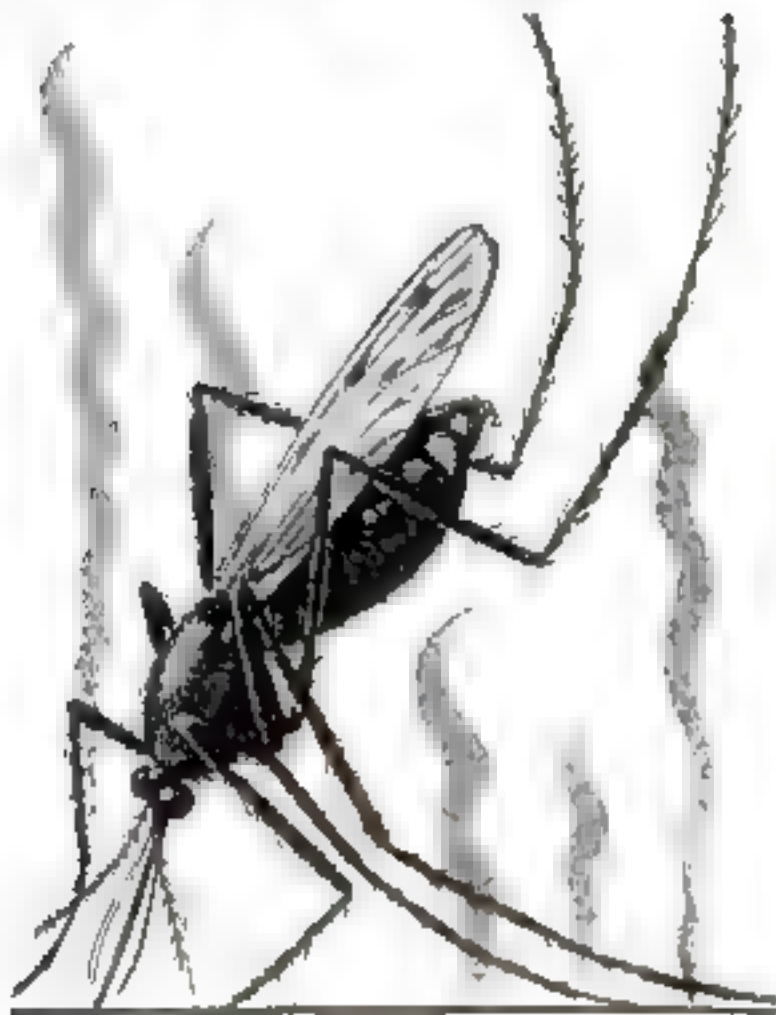
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD



Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. Copr. 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

DANGER

MALARIA AT WORK!



Quick! Get the FLIT! Don't waste a minute. That mosquito buzzing around your room may be *Anopheles*... the mosquito that takes a swig of your blood and leaves the chilling-burning miseries of malaria.

Now more than ever, you should keep FLIT on hand. For it helps protect against the carrier of this energy-sapping disease... at a time when every American needs his full energy to help win the war.

So don't wait. Spray FLIT on stagnant water and in dark corners where *Anopheles* breed and lurk. Spray it on every mosquito you see. It's an easy way to kill 'em quick. Buy FLIT, today!

FLIT

kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.



Be sure it's FLIT. Ask for the yellow container with the black band.

Copy 1944, Sandoz Incorporated

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



CENTRAL HOUSE OF CAMP IS SURROUNDED BY WELL-HIDDEN HOTEL-COTTAGES

HOTELS IN HAWAII

Sir:

If a serviceman who has been assigned to the Kilauea Military Camp in Hawaii tells you that he had a very pleasant stay at the Waldorf Astoria or the Hotel Statler, he isn't kidding you. A year ago a group of hotels in the U.S. got together and donated all the necessary furnishings for the cottages that are attached to the

camp. Army officers named each one of the cottages after the hotel that had given the appurtenances (see pictures below and on next page). This breath from home has done a lot to help these young men relax and rest before they go back to war.

CHARLES A. HORRORTH
New York, N.Y.



Correct Time

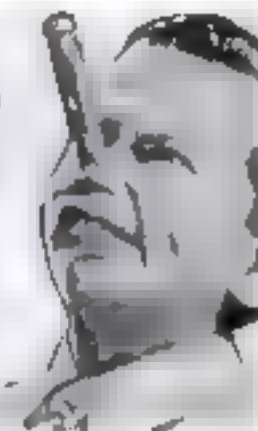
has been a tradition with
GIRARD PERREGAUX
since 1791

Good watches are scarce today. Rather than compromise with quality, it is better to wait. Girard-Perregaux jewelers receive limited quantities periodically... Write for booklet L4 "The Flight of Time" which tells what's in a fine watch.

GIRARD-PERREGAUX
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

GOT CLOTHESPIN NOSE

FROM A
**SUMMER
COLD?**



Let a Luden's go to work on that "stuffy head." As it melts in your mouth, it releases penetrating menthol vapor which rises with every breath to help relieve clogged nasal passages!



NEW LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!

Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

KILLS ROACHES, WATERBUGS SILVERFISH, CRICKETS

Insects eat bait in protective tube and die. Nothing to mix, spray or dust. Protects food, clothing, rugs, etc. from insect damage. Clean. Odorless. Long lasting. 25¢ pkgs. Three pkgs. postpaid for \$1. If your dealer has none,

DE SOTO CHEMICAL CO.
1952 So Soto Ave., Arcadia, Pa.

**GATOR
ROACH
HIVES**



REMOVES A CAUSE OF

Toilet Odors



Even in toilet bowls that look clean an invisible film is always forming. There may be toilet odors. Be sure your toilet is above criticism. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week. It cleans without scrubbing—removes this recurring film where toilet germs lodge.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Removes stains and discolorations quickly and easily. No special disinfectants needed. Doesn't injure septic tanks or toilet connections. (See directions on the can.) Sold everywhere, two convenient sizes.

SAFE FOR SEPTIC TANKS!

Don't be misled into scrubbing toilet bowls because you fear trouble with your septic tank. Eminent research authorities have proven how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. Read their scientific report. It will be sent you free for the asking. Simply write today to The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. O-2, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS
TOILET
BOWLS
WITHOUT SCRUBBING



"One thing he will admit—Marlin Blades are better than theirs!"

Buy still **MORE** war bonds

check Skin Torment

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. 35c trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

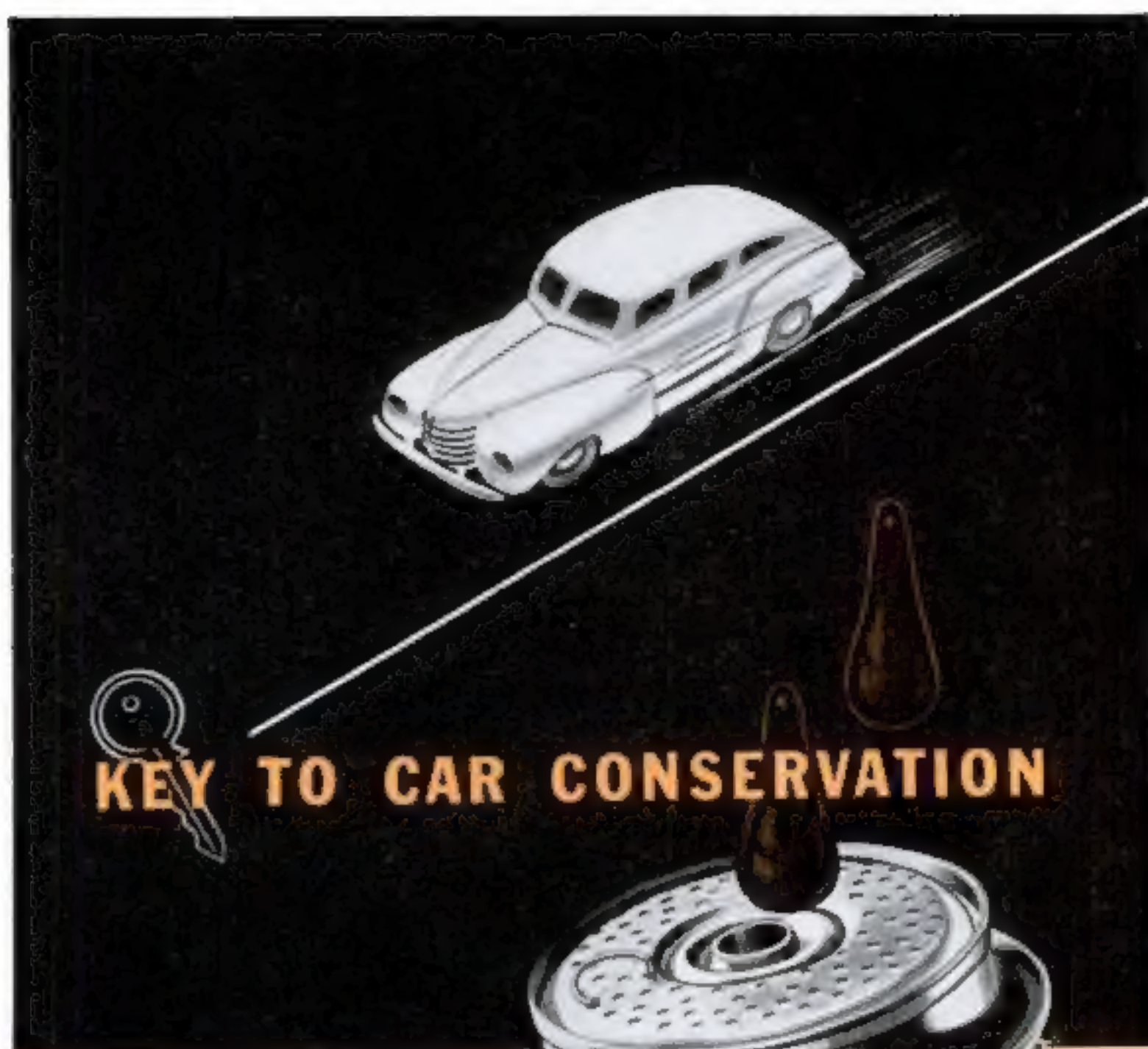
PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Hawaiian Hotels (continued)



Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.



KEY TO CAR CONSERVATION



You do less driving, and you drive more slowly. But that means less exercise for your motor: greater danger of carbon formation . . . more chance of engine wear from grit and grime.

How can you protect your motor while you also save on rubber and fuel? Give proper attention to your Purolator filter element. Replace it regularly—every time you change your oil.

Purolators are the world's best safeguards against engine damage from crankcase impurities. They keep dirt and other abrasives where they belong—away from the motor, *inside* the filter. But unless the elements are systematically changed, they get badly clogged, become eventually useless.

Today's restrictive driving adds life to your car, but also subtracts from its vitality. The final key to conservation is to keep oil clean—constantly, completely, with Purolator protection. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, New Jersey—founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

KEEP IT CLEAN
with
PUROLATOR

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!



THE "FIGHTINGEST" RADIO IN THE ARMED SERVICES

THE men who do the fighting *like* the Motorola-built Handie-Talkie. They say without qualification . . . "It's fine . . . just like having a house telephone at your fingertips. We feel safer, stronger, because we're always in touch with our command post! Yes, sir, the Handie-Talkie is the 'fightingest' 2-way radio in this war!" Now and as long as there is an enemy gun pointed at an American fighter, the business of Motorola Electronics Engineers will be *Communications for Victory*.

The men and women who make Motorola military radio have won their fourth Army-Navy "E" award for "production beyond expectations". That, in their opinion, is the best way for us on the home front to express our gratitude for the courage and self-sacrifice of our men and women on the fighting fronts.

The "Handie-Talkie" is another
Motorola Radio FIRST!

Motorola Engineers who were famous in peacetime for radio that delivered peak performance will have pleasant surprises for you in Motorola Post-War Radio for Home and Car.



GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51



Motorola Radio

F-M RADIO • PHONOGRAPHS • RADAR • TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO • MILITARY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

SWIMMERS' HAIR STYLES 1944

Sirs:

I have noticed at a lot of beaches lately that the ladies aren't wearing bathing caps this summer. This isn't because of any new fashion fad but simply because good bathing caps are no longer obtain-

able. Under the circumstances there seem to be only two alternatives for the ladies which are illustrated here.

EWING KRAININ
New York, N. Y.



ONE WAY: SWEEP HAIR UP, DOG PADDLE UNCOMFORTABLY TO KEEP IT DRY



OTHER WAY: SWIM AS YOU LIKE AND LET THE HAIR FALL ALL OVER YOUR FACE

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Thanks to PENICILLIN ...He Will Come Home!



FROM ORDINARY MOLD—

*the Greatest Healing
Agent of this War!*

On the gaudy, green-and-yellow mold above, called *Penicillium notatum* in the laboratory, grows the miraculous substance first discovered by Professor Alexander Fleming in 1928. Named penicillin by its discoverer, it is the most potent weapon ever developed against many of the deadliest infections known to man. Because research on molds was already a part of Schenley enterprise, Schenley Laboratories were well able to meet the problem of large-scale production of penicillin, when the great need for it arose.

When the thunderous battles of this war have subsided to pages of silent print in a history book, the greatest news event of World War II may well be the discovery and development — *not* of some vicious secret weapon that *destroys* — but of a weapon that *saves* lives. That weapon, of course, is penicillin.

Every day, penicillin is performing some unbelievable act of healing on some far battlefield. Thousands of men will return home who otherwise would not have had a chance. Better still, more and more of this precious drug is now available for civilian use... to save the lives of patients of every age.

A year ago, production of penicillin was difficult, costly. Today, due to specially-devised methods of mass-production, in use by Schenley Laboratories, Inc. and the 20 other firms designated by the government to make penicillin, it is available in ever-increasing quantity, at progressively lower cost.

Listen to "THE DOCTOR FIGHTS" starring RAYMOND MASSEY. Tuesday evenings, C.B.S. See your paper for time and station.

SCHENLEY LABORATORIES, INC.

Lawrenceburg, Indiana

Producers of PENICILLIN-Schenley



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DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



YES!
Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco



L.S./M.F.T.